

*R. R. Hemphill*

---



REMINISCENCES

OF

THE CIVIL WAR,

BY

LIEUT. J. R. BOYLES,

Of Company "C," 12th S. C. V., Gregg's Brigade.

(Afterwards McGowan's.)





REMINISCENCES

... OF ...

THE CIVIL WAR,

... BY ...

LIEUT. J. R. BOYLES,

Of Company "C," 12th S. C. V., Gregg's Brigade,

(Afterwards McGowan's.)

## PREFACE.

---

These reminiscences are written by J. R. Boyles, ex-Lieut. of Co. C, 12th S. C. V., Gregg's (afterwards McGowan's) Brigade, who lost his right leg in the memorable battle of Gettysburg, on July 1st, 1863—twenty-seven years ago. They give truthful incidents that came under the writer's notice in camp, bivouac, on the march, in battle, in prison, and at home—many of which have never before appeared in print. They contain a complete roll of my company, and also the names of many of the regiment and brigade, some of whom are living and others are dead.

The writer hopes from its sale to realize a sum sufficient to enable him to assist in providing for his wife and children, the most of whom are girls, and, if possible, for the purchase of an artificial limb.

THE AUTHOR.

COLUMBIA, S. C., 1890.

R.B.T.  
E. T. ...  
#1255

# ARMY REMINISCENCES.

## CHAPTER I.

I very often read in papers, especially Northern publications, anecdotes of the late war, particularly incidents that have never before appeared in print, sketches of different companies and regiments, etc. I like to read them, although I have no doubt a great many things are written that are not true. I notice, too, that our children love to read them, and hear anything in connection with the war talked of; but I notice one other thing, there are a great many boys and young men, whose fathers belonged to the army, that are unable to say what command they were in. I hate to see this.

I propose in these pages to give my readers, in a plain and truthful manner, some facts relating to my regiment, company and individual experience, both in the army, in camp, on the march, in battle and in prison, hoping that where I make a mistake, some one in the regiment who knows differently will correct me.

The regiment to which I belonged was the Twelfth South Carolina, commanded by Col. R. G. M. Dummovant, Lieut. Col. Dixon Barnes and Major Cad. Jones. This regiment was composed of ten companies, as follows: Co. A, from York, Capt. W. H. McCorkle; Co. B, from York, Capt. John L. Miller; Co. C, from Fairfield, Capt. Henry C. Davis; Co. D, from Richland, Capt. E. F. Bookter; Co. E, from Lancaster, I think, Capt. — Vanlandingham; Co. F, from Fairfield, Capt. Hayne McMeekin; Co. G, from Pickens, Capt. Gaillard; Co. H, from York, Capt. J. M. Steele; Co. I, from Lancaster, I think, Capt. Hinson; Co. K, from Pickens, Capt. J. C. Neville.

We assembled at Lightwood-knot Springs early in August, 1861. We were mustered into the Confederate service for the war by Col. John L. Black, I think, on August 20; remained there and had a nice time drilling and learning the art of war until early in October. While at this point there was another

new company formed; it embraced members from all the other companies, and was termed by Jim Williamson (who, I hope, is still living and may read this,) Co. O. It consisted of those who were really sick and of a goodly number who were not sick, but too lazy to drill. Every morning old Joe Taylor and his kettle drum and fife man would beat surgeon's call. The boys had a tune and words for it:

"Come along, sick, and get your ipecac;  
 Come along, sick, and get your ipecac;  
 If you don't come soon, you needn't come at all;  
 Come along, sick, and get your ipecac." etc.

Co. O, which was invariably the largest company in the regiment, would fall in and march in solemn procession, with long faces and despondent looks, to the tent of Dr. E. B. Turnipseed, surgeon of the regiment, whose first command to each one in turn was, "Let me see your tongue." He would then prescribe for them. Some claimed to derive a good deal of relief from bread pills, and one fellow I know (but I am afraid to call his name) claimed that they relieved him, but they came near working him to death. Jim Williamson would always assign some one to the command of Company O. Most frequently, though, I think, he assigned Mad. Vaughan to its command, but sometimes Wagstaff, of Co. D, or Bill Rush, (poor fellows, they are both dead; more of them hereafter.) Co. O was always full. It seemed the more the members of the regiment died and were killed, the larger it got.

There were men in camp at Lightwood-knot who had never seen the cars until they took the train to go into camp, and every day when the whistle would blow, they would go tearing to get to the train, and the common expression was, "Fall in, Martin Guards, the railroad is coming!" I think they were from Laurens. While there, many a poor fellow had his water-melons rolled off between the legs of the crowd, who would gather around him on purpose. There, too, was first begun the deviling of poor old man Bishop, who finally swore that "The very birds were hollering Bishop! Bishop!" And there, also, Bill Hatcher first got the nickname of Abe Lincoln, and wanted to fight every man who called him by that name, and even now he will fight if you say Abram to him, notwithstanding he bears a striking resemblance to the old man.



Early in October (I think, the 2d,) we boarded the cars for Charleston. Arriving there we were not permitted to stop, but were hurried down to the wharf and hustled into or onto an old cotton steamboat and started for we knew not where, although Rolling Moss and Jim Farmer kept things lively by singing. That night poor Hasting Reynolds, of Co. C, fell overboard and was drowned. His body was seen by another boat the next day floating among the sea-weeds, but was left there—food for fish and vultures. This was the first man we lost from our company, and it made us all feel quite sad. The next morning we arrived at the little old town of Beaufort, disembarked, went into camp and thought we were going to have a nice time. After remaining there about a week we were embarked on a steamboat—at least, six companies of the regiment—and carried about fifteen miles below Beaufort and landed at Bay Point, to prevent the Yankees from getting to Beaufort. The other four companies of the regiment were carried to Hilton Head. Here we began to experience a little of what a soldier's life was. The water that we drank and used for cooking was obtained by sinking a flour barrel about two feet in the sand; it was miserable water. After we had been there two or three weeks, the Federal fleet began to arrive in sight and anchored out at sea. Each day they increased in number. Then it was that John Hays wanted to know, "Dad burn it! why don't old Tatnall go out and drive them off?" After that John went by the name of Commodore. One evening Commodore Tatnall did run out a short distance with his three little duck-looking boats and fired on the Yankee fleet. At first they treated his shots with silent contempt, but after a while they became tired of his noise, turned loose on him and knocked the spots out of one of his boats. We felt pretty secure, thinking our heavy guns and those at Hilton Head would be able to knock their fleet to atoms.

---

## CHAPTER II.

We left off in the last chapter at Bay Point, feeling certain and confident that the heavy guns we had there (Beaufort Artillery, I think,) and those across the channel at Hilton Head, would demolish the Federal gun-boats if they ever attempted

to pass us. While here we had very little military duty to perform, and occupied the time in casting fish nets, fishing for crabs, sauntering up and down the lovely white sandy beach, gathering sea shells, &c.; while some employed the time in this way, others were engaged in their tents playing cards, and still others rambling over the point, hunting wild fruit, alligators, &c. Here a great number of us saw our first living alligator, which was only about sixteen feet long, and was killed, I think, by George Simpson (poor George, he, too, has passed, like many others, "beyond the river"). George was a very warm friend of mine—notwithstanding, we had come very near having a little "set-to" while at Lightwood-knot Springs—something about a wash-pan. He was a fine-looking and brave soldier. Our entire force at Bay Point consisted of the six companies before mentioned, the battery of artillery and a company of the hardest-looking set of cavalry I ever saw, most of them mounted on little marsh-tackeys; they called themselves the "Hoopaw (or Whipper) Swampers;" I don't remember the Captain's name. This huge force was commanded by Col. R. G. M. Dumovant, a braver man than whom never lived. This was the force, with those at Hilton Head, that was to whip and drive back the entire Yankee naval fleet. As there was very little to do, Co. O had about disbanded, and all were able to consume their share of salt horse or mule and hard tack. All this time the Yankee fleet was increasing, and the masts of the vessels out at sea resembled dead trees standing very thick on a new ground. We could hear their bands frequently playing, but with that exception they kept very quiet, until the night of the 6th of November, when we could hear their carousing and huzzaing very plainly. That night every man of us rested on his arms, wondering what the morrow would bring forth. The night passed without other incident. At dawn on the 7th, we could see that the fleet had been augmented through the night, and the "stars and stripes" were seen flying from their mast-heads, as well as the Commodore's ensign. Soon after breakfast the bands began to play, the sails were unfurled, smoke began to curl from the smoke-stacks, and one by one the large war vessels, with the Wabash, I think it was, in front, started



through the channel. Everything on sea and land was as still as death until the foremost vessel had gotten, I suppose, within a mile of Hilton Head—which was a little in advance of us—when a little cloud of blue smoke burst up from the fort at Hilton Head, and presently the boom of the mighty gun reverberated across the water; then another and another. Still the mighty war vessels held their fire. Now they get nearly or quite in range of our guns and they open, seemingly with no effect. Now it is that these huge monsters pour in their fire on Hilton Head, pass by it, pay their respects to us in fine style, pass us a short distance, deliberately turn round and pass us again, pouring broadside after broadside into our forts. Their shot and shell did little damage to our fort—they went howling and whistling through the trees over our heads and bursting far beyond, causing us to lie low. The casualties on our side at Bay Point were very few—I think, only one artilleryman was severely wounded. (I had a diary of all dates, names and casualties of all these forts, but lost it afterwards in Virginia: I will tell how when I reach that point.) Their fire was more destructive at Hilton Head. This warfare was kept up until about 4 o'clock, when we noticed that our guns at Hilton Head were silent. Then it was that our hearts began to flutter, and visions of Yankee prisons flitted before us. Our brave little force of artillerists continued, however, to peg away at the Yankee vessels, who now scarcely returned their fire, but kept their attention to and began to close in on Hilton Head. We were now ordered to “fall in,” marched out and formed in line of battle on the beach, in full view of the Yankee fleet—for what purpose, we knew not; whether to be surrendered or, as it was said Gen. Brayton did, ordered to charge the Yankee fleet. The sun was about setting, and its rays cast a beautiful light across the water. We could plainly see the Yankees launching their flat boats and fill them with marines, then land at Hilton Head, while their bands played “Yankee Doodle.” Our company, C, was on the extreme right of our line of battle. Here we stood until twilight began to change to darkness. Presently the whispered order came along the line: “Left face; forward, march!” The rest from the left had been moving off

for some time. As was our luck, we were the rear guard. Our tents were left standing, and only one soldier from our company, Billy Duren, poor boy (for he was nothing but a child), being too sick to travel, was left to the tender mercies of the enemy when they should land there. We were in full retreat. It was pitch dark, except the sparkling of the salt water, the tide having risen, and the march was through water from knee to waist deep and mud for six or seven miles. On this march men would bog down and have to be pulled out by others—men, too, got away from there who could not or would not have tried to get away under other circumstances. For instance, Sturgeon Kennedy, of our company, (he, too, has passed away since the war,) and Tom Anderson, of Co. F, I don't think he could come it now, both of them made as good time as the rest of us. We knew the enemy could very easily cut us off and capture us, and once the whole line halted, having seen a light in front and thought it was the Yankees. Col. Dunnivant inquired the cause of the halt, and being told that a light had been seen in front, he remarked: "Tell them to go ahead; we will charge h— and d——n to-night, if necessary." But the Yankees were not thinking of us—they were too busy drinking and reveling with the negro wenches on the island, who flocked there by hundreds, with visions of freedom. We could plainly see their lights and hear their drunken carousals. About 11 o'clock we came to a deep river and had to stop and wait for a number of flats which had conveyed the rest of the command across; after waiting, it seemed an age, we heard them coming for us—they were rowed or polled by a number of full-blooded Gullahs, down-the-country negroes, whose language we could not understand a word of. They were evidently displeased at having to put us over, preferring to be down where they knew if they could get, they would be free from their owners. After about an hour's time they carried us all safely to land. We formed in line and marched a short distance to the lovely residence of Dr. Jenkins, to find the balance of our command all gone. The Dr. was still there, and told us to help ourselves to whatever we could find to eat. We found plenty, but nothing cooked—those who had preceded us having pretty well cleared up things.

We hurriedly cooked some sweet potatoes and grist, or had them cooked by the negroes, who were very loth now to do anything. And now we will rest and eat potatoes and hominy at Dr. J's.

---

### CHAPTER III.

We could not afford to tarry long at Dr. Jenkins' house; so after a hasty repast, such as it was, we were ordered to fall in and march at once to Beaufort, where we would meet transportation to carry us to the main land. Alas! we knew not which way to start to reach Beaufort. In this dilemma Dr. Jenkins whisperingly told Capt. Davis to press one of his negroes into service; and Orderly Sergeant S. W. Broom, who marched at the head of the company, ordered the most intelligent looking young buck to pilot us to Beaufort. This he very reluctantly undertook to do, at the point of a loaded musket. Soaking wet from foot to head, we began our march to Beaufort. There was no straggling now; Co. O had disbanded, its members all having joined their original commands. I suppose it was at least 12 o'clock when we left Dr. Jenkins'; the sand was from three to fifteen inches deep, and the distance to Beaufort, I think, about eight miles. Sun-up the next morning we arrived at the river which separated us from Beaufort and in sight of it, but no transportation there. We now felt sure that, after all our hardships and toil, we had been abandoned by the rest of our command, who had gone on steamboats to Charleston and some around to Port Royal ferry, and that there was no other chance but for us to be captured. There was nothing on our side of the river except a row boat, but we could see a small steamboat, with apparently no concern for us, over at Beaufort. Capt. Davis ordered Sergt. Brown with two other men to row over as quick as possible and force its captain to come and carry us off, or else blow out his brains. Presently the steamer came over and we were soon on board, feeling that probably we could now outrun the Yankee pursuers to the mainland; but this feeling was of short duration. The captain of the boat said he would carry us across and land us in Beaufort, but no further, as his boat was leaking and liable to sink with us on board. He landed us in Beaufort, which he had no idea of doing unti

he was compelled to do so to save his own life. Here we are, still ten miles from Port Royal ferry, still in as much danger as ever of being captured. We marched up into the little town, but how changed from what it was a few short weeks before. Where all had been contentment, riches and happiness, was now confusion, sadness, sorrow, desolation and misery; all the loyal citizens had gone. Squads of negroes, from the pickanini to the decrepid centenarian, were eagerly straining their eyes looking down the bay for the Yankees, whom they expected every minute to appear in sight. There were a few of the citizens still remaining, but they seemed perfectly contented and even glad. Capt. Davis ordered myself and two others to sally forth and see if we could find some whiskey to strengthen and encourage us before taking up our line of march to the ferry. We went into a store where an old fellow (I think his name was Silcox) was brushing up his goods, arranging his bottles on the shelves, apparently happy in anticipation of a lively run from the Yankee soldiers—dreaming of greenbacks instead of graybacks. I told him our situation, and that we wanted some whiskey. He politely told us he could not sell for graybacks any more. We politely walked behind the counter, pressed what we wanted, marched out and up to where we had left our comrades. After all had taken a good stout drink, we took up our line of march to Port Royal ferry—tired, sleepy and hungry as wolves. It took us the entire day to make the trip, many of us having to pull off our shoes and go in our socks or bare feet, they were so sore and blistered. We reached the ferry about sun-down and were roped across. Here we had hoped to find plenty to eat; but, alas! we found nothing but fresh raw beef, raw grist, raw sweet potatoes, and nothing to cook them in. We did the best we could, and were soon, except a few sentinels, all sound asleep, feeling secure from capture, as we were at last on mainland. The next morning, foot-sore, dirty and hungry, we took up our line of march for Pocotaligo. The distance, we were told, was nine miles. The road was blocked with wagons, carts, carriages, civilians, squads of contrabands, all “skedad-dling” to get as far away from the water as possible; our march was necessarily slow, and how easily the Yankees could have

captured us if they had pursued—we were in no condition to make resistance; and right then, if they had known it, they could have marched to Pocotaligo and destroyed the Savannah Railroad there. The miles appeared as leagues; we kept hearing of Gardiner's Corner, and hoped when we got there to find something to eat; nothing again. Finally, late in the evening, we reached old Pocotaligo, to find our comrades, many of whom had gone around by Charleston, already there and rested. We soon had plenty to eat, but had to cook it first. Here, too, we met the four companies of our regiment who had been at Hilton Head; they had also had a rough time. We were once more a reunited command; and although sorry, indeed, that the enemy had obtained a foothold on our soil, we felt we were in a much better condition for resistance than we had been at Bay Point and Hilton Head. We slept soundly and contentedly that night, dreaming of wives, sweethearts and those dear to us—they little dreaming of the many hardships we had endured during the past forty-eight hours. The next day we drilled a little and cleaned up our guns. I do not now remember who was in command of Co. O; but whoever it was, recruiting began, and very soon it became a large company. We will rest a little at Pocotaligo.

---

#### CHAPTER IV.

The day after our arrival at Pocotaligo the boys, or some of them, began to learn the art of foraging for grub, and the sweet potato patches near camp soon looked as if a drove of hogs had been turned in upon them, and those old low country gentlemen began to complain. Two of our boys appropriated a duck or two belonging to one Heyward; he reported the fact to the Colonel, who had them arrested, placed under guard, on light diet, bread and water. I have no doubt Mr. Heyward soon bitterly regretted having reported the matter; he passed camp every day going to the railroad, and from the time he came in sight until he disappeared, he was greeted with: 'Quack! quack!' "Here's your ducks!" &c. He looked as if he felt very mean, and have no doubt he did, because he knew we were guarding and trying to keep the enemy back from his



door—he knew not how soon his ducks and all he had might fall into the hands of the Yankees. I am bound to express what is an undeniable fact, and that is that he and many of like calibre in the country on the coast treated us with no respect. Our rest here was of short duration, but before leaving I must tell one other little incident. Henry Rains was a great smoker; two of his messmates, Wylie Wyrick and Bill (Wright) Smith, got hold of his pipe, filled it over half full of powder, put in some tobacco, lit it and gave it to him to smoke; the result was that Henry was soon minus hat, eye-brows, eye-lashes and came very near losing his eyes; they were put in the guard tent and fed on light diet for some time. Poor mischievous boys, they are both dead, while Henry still lives and looks well, even has his second wife; he was always sick while in the army.

A few nights after we had been here, the “long roll” sounded, we were ordered to fall in as quickly as possible and meet the enemy, who, it was reported, had crossed Port Royal ferry in large numbers and were marching on us. We were hurried off in that direction, marched as far as Gardner’s Corner, halted, threw out skirmishers and pickets; the rest of us lay down in the road on our arms under the wide-spreading live oaks, which were heavily draped with moss. Soon everything was quiet and the most of us asleep, when suddenly I was aroused, and so were the men, by the most unearthly yell I had ever heard; my hair stood on end; presently the yell was repeated in the tree right over our heads—we then recognized it as coming from an immense horned owl, which make a noise entirely different from those in the up country. Presently our skirmishers came back and reported a false alarm—that the videttes at the ferry had seen nothing of the enemy. After this false alarms were of frequent occurrence. We retraced our steps back to camp, cursing the man who caused the alarm, although he was always hard to find. About this time furloughs for ten days were being granted to one or two men from each company; so eager were the men to obtain them, that one fellow, whose name I withhold, although he did not belong to my company, actually cut off one of his fingers with a hatchet on purpose to get a furlough; poor fellow! he was doomed to disappointment—he

missed his finger and his furlough, too. Soon after this we were marched down not far from a place called Pagis Point, and here we spent our first Christmas in the army. We did pretty well; our foragers had brought in a few turkeys, chickens, fat pigs, etc., and some of us received boxes from home; on the whole, we had a right nice Christmas dinner. We did picket duty up and down the river; at night we heard no sound save the blowing of the porpoises as they swam along in shoals and occasionally the cackle of the marsh hens. False alarms were of common occurrence here. One night Tom Arledge, of our company, and another man were sent to Seabrook's Landing; Tom evidently went to sleep, and waking up thought he saw a Yankee a few yards in front of him; his aim was good, he blazed away and cut off the head of a Yankee, which was a bush. Another night Wagstaff blazed away at an imaginary Yankee, which proved to be a dog; still another night, I was Sergeant of a squad, sent down to picket the river; two men were on post at the time; we were to be in readiness to support them in case of an attack or attempt to land; we built a fire in a deserted negro cabin and were quite comfortable, although the night was very cold; soon we heard "bang! bang!" hurried to the spot, but could hear no sound nor see any one; whistled and the two scared rebs who had fired answered us; we inquired what was the matter, they replied that they had fired at a man they had seen approaching from the river and that he fell; they had never moved; we got down on our knees and crawled around in the dark, feeling for their dead Yankee, but found none; I think they only got lonesome and wanted company. The Yankees were picketing on the other side of the river, and a few days after this a row boat from their side came over under a flag of truce, to bring the photograph of poor Billy Duren, whom we had left sick at Bay Point, and notified us that he was dead. Joe Dunlap was on post at the time and fired on the boat, not knowing anything about flag of truce boats. There was an Indian mound, or old dirt fort, near here, some distance in the marsh, not far from the river; we went to work to build a causeway across the marsh out to it and intended to place cannon there to prevent their boats from passing, but

before we got it completed a gun-boat ran past and made us do some tall dusting, throwing seventy-five pound shells after us for a mile; they passed on and did not attempt to land; we returned to our former position, but gave up the fort undertaking.

---

#### CHAPTER V.

I cannot remember how long we remained in the vicinity of Pagis Point. The Yankees did land at Port Royal ferry one day—I think, January 1, 1862. Part of our regiment were engaged in a slight battle, but the enemy were soon driven back to their gun-boats. I remember a part of the regiment one day crossed over to an island, captured some contrabands and started them under guard to Pocotaligo; the guard through carelessness was overpowered and left for dead by the negroes, who made their escape. One of the guard, named Bradley, from Lancaster, if alive, still bears bayonet wounds, marks of the awful scuffle; another, I think, named Twitty, died from the effects of his wounds. I can distinctly remember hearing these poor fellows groan as they were being conveyed back past us to the hospital. About this time Tom Reynolds, of Co. C, lost his hearing and was made cook of his mess; many a hearty laugh I have taken at his expense. Jim Reynolds, his brother-in-law, would walk up to where he was cooking, put his hand up and motion as if blowing his nose in Tom's frying-pan, and invariably had to run for dear life, for Tom would have killed him if he could have caught him. Tom's hearing was afterwards restored; he made a good soldier and still survives.

In conversing with old soldiers whom I meet, I am enabled to gather up some things which I had forgotten. I have been informed by Mr. Abram Stork, who was one of the participants in our inglorious defeat, that the 15th S. C. V. were stationed at Hilton Head at the time of its capture, and says his regiment had a hard old time escaping from there, also; he looks well—generous, brave, noble-hearted—long may he live. We were very anxious that this regiment should be assigned to the same brigade with us, as there was one company in it from Fairfield, Capt. (afterwards Col.) John B. Davis, but the fates decreed otherwise, and they were assigned to a different brigade. I

think it was early in January, 1862, that Col. Dunnivant resigned and the command of our regiment devolved on Dixon Barnes. About this time we moved over some distance across Combahee ferry into Colleton, pitched tents in the woods not far from one Girardeau, and gave it the name of Barnes, in honor of our Col. Here we drilled, did picket duty, foraged and rested. Near camp was a fine country residence, I cannot now remember who lived there; at all events, there were ladies there, and every day we could see gay, nicely uniformed cavalrymen visiting them, whilst we poor foot cavalry, dirty and ragged, were looked upon as no better, if as good, as their servants. I think these uniformed gents called themselves the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen. I don't know whether they ever afterwards distinguished themselves or not, but long after the time I speak of, those same people would have been glad for the 12th Regiment to have been back there to protect them and theirs. At this camp was discovered the first body guard of our regiment; he made his appearance on the person of an old fellow, a member of Co. H; he multiplied rapidly and spread through the regiment, and stayed with us up to and after the close of the war. Some time in February we were moved back near Pocotaligo and picketed again in the neighborhood of Pagis Point for a time; here we had a new enemy to contend with, namely, mosquitoes, the largest and hungriest I ever saw, at night, and through the day the blue-tailed fly. Here, after the tide would recede on the banks of the river, were myriads of "fiddlers"—many who read this will be curious to know what they were; well, I can hardly tell you—they are a kind of insect or bug, that somewhat resembles a small crab, with but one claw; they can run in any direction—forward, backward, sideways or angling—and so active are they that it is next to impossible to step on one; they make and live in holes in the earth like crawfish. After remaining around here till some time in March, the joyful news was received that we were going to Virginia, and we were ordered to pack up, cook rations, &c., which we did in a hurry, so glad were we to get away from the coast. We boarded the cars at Pocotaligo and were soon *en route* for Charleston, where we arrived about sun-set, and were

marched through the city to the depot of the South Carolina Railway, where we embarked for Columbia about 10 o'clock.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

Before leaving Charleston, every man in the regiment who had ever taken a drink of whiskey, and many who had never taken any, supplied himself with one or more long-necked "Black Betties;" the result was very soon a lively, noisy, fussy crowd, and some few knock-down and drag-out fights. Co. O had again disbanded—at least, until we knew we had arrived where there were Yankees and no water separating them from us. We were on the cars all night and reached Columbia about 10 o'clock next day. We tarried but a short time and were soon speeding away on the C., C. & A. Railroad. A good many of us deserted this train and jumped off as it passed our different stations, to bid adieu to fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and children—some, alas! their last good-bye; never more were they to clasp hands with those who were dearer to them than life; neither do those they loved know where they sleep, what became of their bodies, whether they died of sickness, were killed in battle or what—many of their bodies are mixed with Virginia soil, their graves unmarked; here they will sleep, soon to be forgotten (no legend to tell about them) until the morning of the final resurrection. Myself and several others jumped off at Ridgeway, hoping to meet our dear ones there, but were sorely disappointed, they not having heard that we were going to pass that day. Here Mr. Coleman, an old gentleman who had the reputation of being a miser before that, threw open his doors and feasted us on the very best that it was possible to get. We remained here a few hours, until the regular passenger train came along, jumped aboard of it in pursuit of the regiment, which we overtook as they were rolling into Charlotte. Here we changed cars and were soon speeding it for Weldon. Our train broke down at Concord and was detained some time; here the Captain of Co. O began to recruit; he enlisted a few and remained there several days, until they were ordered to rejoin the regiment at Richmond; the rest of us renewed travel as soon as the break-up was mended, were



in the cars all night and reached Weldon the next morning. Our company numbered over 100 men and were in two cars; I, as Sergeant, was put in charge of one car, to keep order—still plenty of ‘Black Betties’ on hand; one of our men with whom I had a little spat between Charleston and Columbia was in my car, and annoyed me so much that at last, by order of Lieut. J. W. Delaney, I placed him under arrest and kept him so all night. I mention this fact to show how vindictive some men are, and later on how he thought he got even with me. We tarried but a short time at Weldon, and were soon under way for Richmond via Petersburg. Arriving in Richmond we were assigned quarters, rations were issued to us and we were heroes in the eyes of the ladies. We had a jubilee of a time for a few days, when we were marched to the depot of the Fredericksburg Railroad and were soon whirling toward the Rappahannock, in search of the enemy. We disembarked a few miles South of Fredericksburg, at a place called Summit; here we threw out pickets and remained a few days. One night soon after our arrival word came that the Yankees were advancing down the railroad; we were soon formed in line of battle and started, like fools, to go and hunt them up in the dark, instead of remaining quiet and letting them attack us. Failing to find the enemy, next day we moved up some two miles from Fredericksburg and did some faithful picket duty for a time. I remember one night, cold and drizzly, John Thomas and myself were put in command of our picket line, which was stretched out for a long distance, a sentinel every ten feet; had not seen a Yankee yet.

---

#### CHAPTER VII.

We were on picket duty in the preceding chapter near Hamilton’s Crossing, a place afterwards made memorable by the terrible slaughter of Ambrose E. Burnside’s troops, and dear to us, among other losses, in the death of our gallant General Maxcy Gregg, which occurred on the 13th of December following. I was not engaged in this battle, therefore can know but little of it. Our orders were, if the enemy advanced on us, to fire; if there seemed to be a number of them, to rally together and keep them back as long as possible, and if they proved too

much for us, to fall back on our reserve. If the Yankees had only known it, our reserve was very weak at this time. About 11 o'clock we heard the report of a rifle ring out on the still air to our extreme right. The men, or some of them (I always thought purposely), pretended to misunderstand our orders, for they soon rallied together, and no persuasion could keep them from falling back to camp, when we were ordered to go immediately back to our same positions. That was a false alarm, caused by one Dave Matthews getting scared at a rabbit or being lonesome and wanting company. In rallying to go back, one of our men, Bob Eastler, was asleep, knew nothing of it and failed to put in an appearance. About the time we were getting back in position another rifle rang out away to the left, and I felt sure that Eastler had killed his next man, who was Johnny Fleming, on waking up and mistaking him for a Yankee; but such was not the case, and we never knew who fired the second rifle. A few nights after this we were ordered to build a number of bonfires, as if we had been strongly reinforced; a short time after dark we began our silent skedaddle toward Richmond, and all night long we split the mud—and I assure you it was muddy. We took a rather circuitous route, and I have always thought we could have been easily bagged if the enemy had only known what a small force we had. The next day about 12 o'clock we reached some station on the R. & F. R. R., and remained there until night. On reaching the railroad we discovered that there had been some other troops besides ours in the retreat with us—an Alabama battalion, who seemed to be mostly foreigners. They had a novel way of settling their disputes; if two of them fell out and could not agree, their commander made them fight it out. Two big burly fellows had disagreed on the march; as soon as they halted and stacked arms, although foot-sore and hungry, at it they went and had one of the hardest set-to's I ever saw, until their friends thought they had punished each other enough, when they were separated and made to shake hands—a much better way of settling disputes than is now resorted to by most of the rising generation. Soon after dark we were embarked in freight cars and ran down to or near Ashland, and moved

about from place to place night after night, expecting to run up with the enemy at any moment. A short time after this we moved South of the Chickahominy, in sight of the steeples in Richmond, and camped there. Our company received some recruits, among others, I remember, Jake Schwartz and Bob Goza, mere boys. While here I first saw a man who had been killed by the enemy—a sergeant in command of a few pickets; he crossed the river, there being no enemies in sight, but they lay in ambush just beyond the river; he was shot through the head as he turned to give some command to his men; he probably belonged to the 9th Alabama. We were now plainly in sight of the enemy and every day their balloons would be up, locating our positions; our artillerists caused one to go down in a hurry by a shot from “Long Tom”—a gun captured from the enemy at Bull Run. At night the bands on each side would play their favorite tunes—ours Dixie and theirs Yankee Doodle; sometimes one or the other would strike up Home, Sweet Home, when such a yell would go up from both sides!

---

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The 1st Georgia Regulars were camped near us, and while we were kept under pretty strict discipline, it was nothing compared to theirs—they drilled more or less all the time. I went out near their quarters one day and was horror-stricken at seeing a poor fellow lying on his side in the broiling sun, bucked and gagged; I never found out what he had done. While here our brigade was organized; it consisted of the 1st, 12th, 13th, 14th and Orr’s Rifle Regiment, and I don’t believe there was a better brigade in the Confederate army. Maxcy Gregg was our Brigadier and A. P. Hill Major General. Not long after we had been here the memorable fight of Seven Pines occurred; we were not called into action, but could distinctly hear the constant rattle of musketry, the booming of cannon and even the thrilling rebel yell of our troops; could plainly see three or four balloons up on the Yankee side and the men in the basket under them; but still we were permitted to remain quiet and were very well satisfied to do so. After this battle things quieted down and the armies on each side seemed to for-

tify and watch each other across the swampy Chickahominy for a good long while—the only sound of war being the daily artillery duel between the opposing batteries, in which very little was accomplished except a waste of powder and ball. At last Gen. Lee became tired of such warfare and determined by one bold stroke to either destroy McClellan's powerful army or else drive him away from Richmond. On the afternoon of June 26, 1862, our left swiftly drove back the enemy, the pickets crossed the Chickahominy and were pouring into them in fine style before they were aware of what was going on. Our brigade was soon hurried over, but was not engaged that evening, although under fire in range of their shells, which were constantly bursting over our heads; we had to lay low and hug the ground. Our troops continued to drive them back until long after night-fall, the flashes from the guns looking like lightning and the reports of the cannon resembling thunder; the slaughter was great on both sides, and many poor children had been made orphans and lovely women widows in one short evening's work. The next morning we formed in line along a public highway; very soon Gen. Hill passed along on foot, speaking to the men words of encouragement. We were then ordered to advance in line as skirmishers, but had not gone more than half a mile before their skirmishers began to fire upon us, after which they retreated over a hill out of sight; on our arriving at the brow of the hill they fired a volley from ambush, about 150 yards off and beyond a ditch or channel, wounding John Rosborough, of our company, near the knee—I distinctly heard the ball when it struck him. The enemy were out of sight under the trees; we were ordered to charge, which we did. The branch or ditch before spoken of was only about six or eight feet wide (too far to jump) and full of water to the depth of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 feet; into this we had to plunge, getting thoroughly wet to the waist, but we clambered out and hurried into the thicket from whence they had last fired upon us, to find no enemy—only a few knapsacks which they had left in their flight. I snatched up one, ripped it open and appropriated some fine cigars, writing paper and a bunch of envelopes—they were the only things I felt that I could carry. If any of the enemy who were in front of us at

that time should happen to read this, he will, no doubt, remember the following lines, which were neatly printed on the envelopes, under a fancy colored Federal flag:

The reserve boys are the band  
 To drive rebellion from our land;  
 With shot and shell and Yankee trick,  
 We'll put the rebels to double quick;  
 And should they chance to look behind,  
 Close at their heels the boys they'll find.

From this we inferred that the chaps who were making such good time in front of us were the Pennsylvania reserves, as later in the fight we captured some gents who claimed to belong to that command, as well as some of the Pennsylvania "Buck-tails," each member of which wore a buck-tail in his cap.

---

#### CHAPTER IX.

We pushed on from where we had captured the knapsacks and presently came to hundreds of deserted tents, wagons, &c., but no enemy; after passing these tents perhaps a half a mile, their skirmishers began firing at us at long range; never halting, we pushed on until we came near a mill (whether Gaines' or not, I can't say, as we had neither time nor inclination to inquire and no one to inquire of.) Beyond the creek a few blue coats were seen, and here was displayed what troops will do in the excitement under their first fire—the entire regiment, as if by magic, blazed away in one simultaneous volley at about a dozen Yankees; no aim being taken, many balls ploughed up the ground not twenty feet ahead of us, while others clipped the limbs from the trees thirty feet from the ground; the noise of this volley, however, caused the enemy, to (as common expressions among them) dust, burn the wind and sift sand. We crossed the stream on the mill-dam and just beyond came to a sutler's large tent, where almost anything desired was found—some whiskey (all who wished got a drink), nice crackers, a preparation of coffee, sugar and condensed milk in cans, very nice, and hundreds of beautiful black plumes—every man who wished put one in his hat; Lieut. S. Y. Rosborough, of our company, jestingly declared that all who wore them would get shot, as they would prove good targets for the enemy. Whether his prediction was correct, or whether by chance, it was pretty



well verified, as most of us who donned them caught a ball before this series of battles was over. After waiting here a short while we pushed on and soon came to a heap of burning commissary stores, bacon, coffee, sugar, bread, flour and everything imaginable; here the shells came shrieking, crashing through the woods over our heads, as well as an occasional Minnie. The whole line was ordered to charge; a few of the enemy were captured, the others lit out in a hurry. We now came out into a public highway, near a church, and rested again to await orders; while here some of the prisoners were brought past us; one fellow had to be pushed along and cuffed a little to make him go to the rear. He said to his captor: "G— d— you, I'll report you to the officer of the day; I belong to the 57th Massachusetts Regiment; what regiment do you belong to?" The reply was: "I belong to the 1st South Carolina, and if you don't go on I'll hurt you." Drunk as he was, he seemed to wilt when he heard the name South Carolina Volunteers, and marched off quite handsomely. An old Yankee horse had been captured, and Maj. Cad. Jones mounted him and charged along our lines; he was greeted heartily by yells from the entire command. At this point Gen. Stonewall Jackson formed a junction with us, having swooped down from the valley; we had never seen him before, and all eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of this great man, of whom we had heard so much and of whom in this fight we expected so much—the very knowledge of his being here appeared to add new bravery to our whole force. We took a road leading to the right, he one leading to the left and apparently in almost an opposite direction from us; we suspected he was going to make one of his memorable flank movements, which proved to be the case. We continued to advance some distance without encountering the enemy; presently they blazed away at us and again ran; all disappeared except one poor fellow, who seemed to have been cut off from his command, and undertook to run the gauntlet of the whole regiment in rather an oblique direction, about 75 or 100 yards in front of us; he succeeded very well for a long distance—it was crack! crack! until I suppose fifty shots had been fired, still he ran; at last Bill Richardson, of our company, who was a splendid shot, laid

his rifle up by a tree, took aim and fired; the fleeing Yankee toppled over, badly wounded through the hips; he immediately pulled out his handkerchief and waved it, as a token for us to fire on him no more. Poor fellow, I saw him twenty-four hours later, still where he fell and alive; I hope he is still living.

---

#### CHAPTER X.

In our last we arrived where our friend in blue had fallen, trying to make his escape; the rest of his comrades made good time, as we saw no more of them as skirmishers. About this time we heard the report of a cannon in front of us, a mile away; then another and another—the solid shot and shell whistling over our heads and around; still we pressed forward until we came out on a road in plain view of his guns; we knew now that we had the enemy at bay and that he intended to give us the best he had in his shop. Our own batteries were run up and began to reply to their guns, we lying behind them, getting the benefit of bursting shells; very soon they had killed some of our horses and wounded several cannoneers. We were ordered forward and passed our batteries at a double quick, getting the full benefit of their artillery and long range rifles from the hill beyond, a deep ravine lying between us; down the slant we charged until we reached the ravine, where we were comparatively safe, except from bursting shells that exploded over our heads from imperfect fuses. A line of skirmishers was sent forward to ascertain if possible the position of the enemy; these were subjected to a destructive enfilading fire from the right, and fell back to the ravine. We were ordered to form line of battle and Gen. Gregg gave the awful command: “1st and 12th South Carolina Volunteers, forward!” We advanced in noble order forty or fifty yards, when we came into range of the enemy’s sharp-shooters, who began to pop away at us in earnest, and whistling Minnies caused some lively dodging; I heard a Minnie strike a man on my left, glanced around, and there was Arthur Hays on his knees and hands, the blood spouting in jets from his neck, and I felt as if we would see him alive no more; we had no time to halt, as the grape and canister from in front admonished us that this was no place to stop. A few minutes

later, in passing an old house, it was struck by a 24-pound solid shot and knocked to splinters, the fragments from the building knocking down and wounding quite a number of men; I can't remember who now, but that Lieut. J. A. Hinnant was one; we reached the crest of the hill about 100 yards from this point and were met by a most terrible shower of grape shot from a battery which was said consisted of eighteen guns, behind a kind of basin in our immediate front, and in which were thousands of blue coats, who also poured a volley into us. Seeing the impossibility of attempting a further advance, we were ordered to fall back to the ravine; in falling back, Bob Pogue, of our company, was wounded. We had got confused and, I may say, tangled up, and before we had time to get properly in line were ordered forward again; a line of battle was advancing on us in front about 200 yards; the general impression among us was that, as they were not firing, they were Gen. Stonewall Jackson's men, who had flanked around to the enemy's rear; Capt. Clyburn (then a boy captain) ordered some of his men to fire, which they did, and the officer commanding the troops, who had his sword and hat in his hand, fell from his horse; simultaneously they poured a volley into our disordered regiment and the fight now became general along the whole line; volley after volley of musketry mingled with the booming of cannon told of the awful carnage that was going on. In a short time we were reinforced by some Alabama troops, who dashed over and through us and finally swept the field in our front, though not without fearful loss of life on both sides. In this fight we lost Lieut. J. W. Delaney and A. C. Braswell, of our company, killed outright, and Wm. T. Mickle and John S. Richardson, mortally wounded, besides a great many others whom I cannot recall, seriously and slightly wounded.

---

#### CHAPTER XI.

In our last we were under fire at Gaines' Mill; the battle raged until after nightfall; Jackson's guns did open on the enemy's rear that afternoon. We lay on the field of battle and could hear the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying all night. Our regiment suffered considerably in this fight—in

fact, every regiment in the brigade suffered more or less. The next morning we were a pitiable multitude to behold—haggard, hungry, sleepy, and a field in front covered with blood, dead and dying, guns, knapsacks, canteens, &c. A small ration was issued to us and a little whiskey, and we were detailed to perform the mournful task of burying our own and the enemy's dead. We made a rude coffin for John Delaney, wrapped his blanket around him and buried his body as best we could; two empty flour or cracker barrels constituted Clark Braswell's burial case: we marked their head-boards, but I dare say there is no mark of a grave now, although I believe I could go to the very spot. We dug pits in which to bury the enemy's dead near to where they lay the thickest—I distinctly remember putting nineteen of them in a pit 6 feet by 24 and about 18 inches deep. Our command was assigned to bury the dead on a certain portion of the battle field: this task done, we had an opportunity of visiting other portions of the field, down to our right, and came to where there had been terrible fighting—our own dead had been buried, but those of the enemy still lay there; at this point they had been strongly fortified, having built breastworks of tremendous logs on the bank of a straight branch or large ditch of running water; there was a steep hill about 100 yards in front of them, from which our men had to charge these breastworks; in rear of the enemy was a similar hill; our forces had routed them with loss, and afterwards they caught it climbing the hill, as their dead testified—the ground was literally blue with the corpses of bloated Yankees. From the evidences we saw, they must have had a goodly number of women with them—there were ladies' dresses, hoop-skirts, fans, band-boxes, etc., but we saw no dead women—only signs of their having been there; here, too, were drums and balloon fixtures; we also passed our friend who had attempted to run the gauntlet of our regiment's fire the day before—some 'reb' had spread a small tent fly over him and given him a canteen of water. All day McClellan was sullenly, heroically and in a soldierly way conducting his unexpected retreat, contending every inch of ground; but we had his troops considerably demoralized and they were being driven back; thousands of prisoners were carried by us to Richmond all day long. The next

day (Sunday) we recrossed the Chickahominy and followed on down the river. That afternoon, away to our left, we saw a sudden cloud of smoke burst forth as if from a volcano, followed by a noise like heavy thunder, fairly shaking the earth; we afterwards learned that it was caused by the enemy loading a train of cars with ammunition, provisions, &c., turning it loose to jump off into the river, the trestle being gone, to prevent it from falling into our hands. Monday afternoon we came upon the enemy again at or near White Oak Swamp—they were being sorely pressed by our forces; Gen. Jenkins' brigade was in front of us. After remaining under their bursting shells for a time, we were ordered forward. I remember passing a house where the trees were loaded with the largest ripe cherries I ever saw and wanted some of them badly, but had no time to halt. Suddenly we came within reach of their fire, and soon after I received a bullet through my left elbow, about the same time Frank Rosborough stopped a ball, and we started for the rear and don't see how we missed being shot in the back; we had to cross a fence and the balls were striking as thick, it seemed, as hail stones in a storm; we got scattered and I lost Frank. I passed the house where I had seen the cherries, but didn't want any now; the house had been converted into a hospital for our wounded, and in passing I heard some one calling Dr. Sykes, who answered near me. I also called him, thinking it was Dr. W. R. Sykes, with whom I was well acquainted; he came to where I was and I discovered my mistake—he proved to be the surgeon of an Alabama regiment; I requested him to dress my wound; he said he had too many of his own wounded to attend to, that I would soon come to where our own surgeons were, pulled out his canteen and gave me some brandy, which did me a great deal of good; I bid him good-bye and began my search.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

I left off before finishing about being in search of our hospital. It was dark and I had a further search. But it was remarkable the number of stragglers I came across—fellows who had been bomb-shocked, sick, broke-down, etc. They had good fires, which felt comfortable in the Chickahominy swamp this last



night of June. I sat down by one of these fires—could not lie down, my arm pained me so severely; I could not sleep. The next morning I found our surgeon, who probed and dressed my wound and told me to go to Richmond. I happened to meet a wagon which was going there and got a ride. On reaching Richmond I went to the hospital (Bird's Island), where I found an uncle, W. T. Mickle, who had been shot through the lungs at Gaines' Mill, on the evening of the 27th. He was cheerful and I had hopes of his recovery. I had a thirty days' furlough and transportation home in my pocket, and the next morning took the train homeward. I reached there in safety and was a hero in the neighborhood, being the only wounded Confederate near there. I did not suffer for want of attention, and my wound healed tolerably fast, but my arm seemed as if it was going to grow crooked. At the expiration of thirty days my wound was still very sore and I was unfit for duty. I came to Columbia and was hospitably entertained at the Ladies' Wayside Hospital. God bless the ladies of Columbia, who were the first to inaugurate a wayside house for our poor sick, wounded, half-fed, half-clothed soldiers. Many prayers have been offered up to Heaven for blessings on them that they have little dreamed of. Dr. R. H. Edmunds was the surgeon in charge. I am, indeed, sorry that I cannot remember the names of the ladies who were there, feeding and looking after those sick and wounded, yes, and well Confederate soldiers, who were passing on every train. If I knew their names I should certainly tell to the young and rising generation who they were. I did not remain long when I made this visit to Columbia. I came twice for the purpose of having my furlough extended. I stretched that furlough by extension as long as possible. Col. John S. Preston was post commander at Columbia then, and he was certainly one of the kindest, most humane gentlemen I struck up with during the war. I attended the theatre during one of my trips to Columbia. Singing "Home, Sweet Home," was part of the programme, and I well remember seeing the tears trickling down the cheeks of several brawny, stalwart soldiers in that audience. Poor fellows, they no doubt were many miles away from home, and the very name brought before their

vision the forms of loved ones at home, whom, perhaps, they would never meet again. While the commandant at Columbia was kind and humane, as I have said, there was a doctor who was as heartless as a rock. Probably one cause of his heartlessness was because he had never been to "the front," and I don't know that he ever did go. If he is alive, he knows. His name was Horlbeck. And if alive, I suspect he is haunted by the shrieks and cries of some of those poor wounded soldiers who happened to fall under his treatment at the old South Carolina College Hospital. He did not get a chance to torture me, although he was very anxious to do so. On these visits to Columbia, I struck up with an acquaintance, an old hospital rat, who was serving his country at the hospital here. I won't mention his name, for although he would not fight then, perhaps he might want to fight now, and I give him fair warning, as well as everybody else, that I am not the man he is hunting. I have had enough fighting. But I was always glad to meet him; he had learned the ropes, and knew where a little sorghum and persimmon juice could be had. I would soft-solder him and he has paid for many a drink for he and myself. I think we got it from one Huffman, or Mrs. Huffman, anyhow I was glad to get it, it would revive the feelings. On one of these visits I wanted to draw my pay, and found an officer of my command, who had struck up with another officer of another command. They were both "how come you so," and I was detained some time in getting my officer to endorse my pay roll. They had a room in the old hotel which stood where the post office now is and was kept by Tom Minton. My officer was a good man, except for this. He and his comrade have both passed "over the river" to the place where war is no more.

---

#### CHAPTER XIV.

In studying over those times and scenes, my mind reverts to something that I had forgotten—something in which a noble soul took part; and I feel as if he, if living, should know he is remembered, or, if dead, it ought to be a monument to his memory. On one of these visits, for the purpose of having my furlough extended, the surgeon wanted to wrench my wounded

arm to make it straight; I knew it would be all right in time without this, and refused to allow it to be done, when he flatly refused to recommend an extension of furlough to me. I went away, determined to rejoin my regiment rather than be tortured by him. I heard that Gen. Jenkins was in the city, hunted him up and, although I did not belong to his brigade, knew he was a brave man and what it was to be a soldier; I stated the case to him, he went with me to Gen. Preston and requested him to grant me an extension, which he did. By the time it expired my arm was well and I took the cars for my regiment, which was then, I believe, at Hamilton's Crossing; on the train I met John A. Robertson, of my company, and we had a good deal of fun before we reached Richmond; on the train was an officer from a Florida regiment—I can't remember his name; he had but one eye, but he was a daisy; there were also two Irishmen, members of the Louisiana Tigers, who enlivened the time by singing war songs, one of which had reference to Burnside's defeat at Fredericksburg—it ran somewhat thus:

'Twas rip and rip on either side, and neither thought 'twas best,  
 The Yankees and the rebels were fighting breast to breast;  
 Burnside rode up and took command and straightened in his saddle.  
 He waved his sword and gave command, "Right about and skedaddle!"

CHORUS—Oh! let 'em bomb; oh! let 'em come.

The way is always clear;  
 For while they are a bombing,  
 We'll take them in the rear.

At a station in North Carolina these two fellows got out, picked up a pig which was feeding about, brought it in the train and, when remonstrated with by some of us about it, said it tried to bite them; they carried it to Richmond and sold it for \$25. I had bought a little white spotted dog at Raleigh for \$5 and sent it home by express, and thought the man I bought from made a good sale, but was well satisfied after seeing my Tiger friends make their sale. We found that Gen. Gregg had been killed during our absence and we were now under a new commander, Sam. McGowan. I feel proud that I had the fortune to belong to a brigade that has since the war furnished so many of those who fill high and exalted positions—I can point with pride to Simpson, McGowan, Haskell, Cothran, Witherspoon, Norton, McCrady, Richbourg, Armstrong, Clyburn and a host of others I cannot recall. Then I think of the heroic dead—Barnes,

Miller, Davis, Bookter—all at one time or other Colonels of my regiment; then of Delaney, Rosborough, Talley, Turnipseed, Buchanan, Poag, Prioleau—this is not half; then of the countless hosts of those who were killed or died from disease during and since the war, who, while they belonged to the ranks, did the fighting, and their memory is as dear to us as any; I wish I could recall them all to mind—some of them and myself have enjoyed many mirthful hours together. At this moment I can recall from memory Albert Carter, Wm. Bishop, Jas. Farmer, Dick Nealy, George Smith, Bob Gozer, Ben. Schwartz, George Sweatman, Frank Durham, Joe Rose, Sam. Rose, Riley Davis, G. C. Davis, John Fleming, Frank and Wylie Wyrick, W. R. T. Smith, Wm. H. Smith, Wm. W. Smith, Bill Rush, Dolph, Jim and Joe Dunlap, John Lucas, Wm. Downing, Geo. Simpson, John, Wm., Reuben and J. S. Richardson, Mike Dinkle, Enoch Freeman, Jim Rosborough, W. S. Mickle, Joe Dunn, Rolling Moss, Rolling and Hasting Reynolds, Wm. Duren, Clark Braswell, Anthony Rains, John Broom, Whit. Robinson, Wm. Rains, John and Ben. Hays, Tom Paul, J. A. Kennedy, Frank and Derrell Douglas, Wm. Cook, Billy Cook, John and Wm. Freeman, Geo. and Jesse Hendrix, Wm. Ellis, Lee Brown, Wm. Ayres, ——— Hood, privates and non-commissioned officers; and commissioned officers: H. C. Davis, J. W. Delaney, S. Y. Rosborough and W. C. Buchanan; also a pretty extensive list from Co. C—of these the fate of three was never known: John Lucas and Frank Durham, lost or missing in battle, and A. S. Dunlap, left with the wounded at Gettysburg; they never deserted, we knew—too true for that. This is another thing I am proud to think of—not a member of my company deserted to the enemy; they were all native born except three—John Fleming, an Irishman, Mike Dinkle, a German, and Wm. Blake, an Englishman.

---

#### CHAPTER XIV.

In my last chapter I neglected to state that I stopped over in Richmond, for a night and day, my furlough not having fully expired, and while here I began to feel, for the first time, that we would eventually be overpowered. There were too many gaily dressed gentlemen wearing citizen's clothes, besides hun-

dreds, yes, I might almost say thousands, who sported the uniforms of Confederate officers—these uniforms were new and clean, and showed plainly that they had never seen any service; they evidently held some soft, bomb-proof offices of some kind. A great many of them professed to be provost marshals. There were also hundreds of soldiers here in the same capacity, who had never been to the front, and had never seen the smoke of battle, unless at a distance of several miles, while we were driving McClellan from their very doors. Altogether, there were too many soft places and too many idlers. These chaps delighted in arresting the returning soldiers at the train and marching them to some filthy den until a train started in the direction of their commands, when they were hustled on the train like a parcel of cattle. I spent my time at the South Carolina Soldiers' Home, presided over by Mr. Geo. H. McMaster, and was very kindly entertained, as well as I could possibly expect at the time. I remember seeing his little daughter dance for us. This was twenty-seven years ago: she is now married and is the mother of several children. I doubt whether she remembers the dancing, or hardly even of ever having lived in Richmond, or of hearing the cannon roar, when fighting was going on so near; she was then quite small. When we reached our regiment we found part of them doing picket duty on the Rappahannock, about two miles below Fredericksburg. The opposing pickets had a truce at that time, and had mutually agreed not to annoy each other by firing across the river. This truce, however, was of short duration. While it lasted we had a good time fishing for herring with dip nets; the river seemed alive with them. About a week after this some Alabama troops were picketing some distance below us, when a little Yankee boat came sailing up the river; the temptation was so great they could not resist, but fired and killed the unsuspecting crew; this started again the daily picket firing across the river. In going to or coming from our posts on the river bank we had to pass over a little rise where a house had been burned and the chimney left standing, just before getting out of sight of one of their picket posts, and they annoyed us a great deal—while they struck none of us, they moshed several



Minnies against the old chimney; we found that the balls did not come from the post opposite us, but from one further down out of sight: I proposed to some of our fellows that we slip down and try to get a shot at them—four of our men and myself started in search of this post; we had to crawl on our hands and knees for a quarter of a mile before getting opposite them; we could hear them—they were playing cards, completely hid by a clump of undergrowth; while peering to get a glimpse of them, we heard horses' feet coming up to where they were; we leveled and fired as they dashed in and heard them cursing, as if hurt; we reloaded as soon as possible, waiting to see the result; in a few moments the party they had relieved started out at a gallop in single file; we discharged our five guns at them, and it was amusing to see how they lay flat and endeavored to get on the opposite sides of their horses; if we touched any of them, we never knew it—the river was pretty wide at this point and they were probably 500 yards from us. Not long after this we were moved several miles lower down the river and went into regular winter quarters; our division was camped here and we literally cleared over 100 acres of original forest, leaving no standing trees. Pender's North Carolina Brigade were camped on one side of a ravine opposite to us and Lane's North Carolina Brigade on another hill near us. We called the camp Gregg, in honor of our departed General. While here there was a vacancy in our company as also in Co. D, for Lieutenant—John Rosborough and myself were opposing candidates in my company; Wade Rives and I forget who in Co. D. I received more votes than my competitor, notwithstanding one of his relatives bought votes for him, so it was said, with commissary sugar; and here my friend that I had to put under arrest on our being first carried to Virginia, remained a week with a furlough in his pocket so as to get to vote against me; Wade Rives was elected in Co. D, we passed examination together and received our commissions at the same time. Our tents, bunks or whatever they could be called, were made with poles or split timber, about 12 feet long, leaned against a ridge pole in a slanting position, and covered like old time potato stacks with leaves and dirt, having a chimney at one end, the funnel being empty barrels; they were

quite warm and four or five men slept, cooked and eat in each. I now received double rations, but instead of deserting my old mess I continued to remain with them and we all eat together. We had some men who had learned to be adept foragers, and I remember sending Bob Easler and Tom Howell out one night to get some cabbage, which they said they had seen at a house not far from camp; they got several heads of cabbage, although fired at by a guard in the yard; we cooked them and eat a hearty meal at 2 A. M., as I did not wish the other officers to know of the transaction. Some of the best foraging done during the war, I believe, occurred while camped here.

#### CHAPTER XV.

Speaking of foraging, reminds me of an incident that was hard to beat. Tom Howell went to a house one day and saw a large turkey gobbler go sauntering down a ravine in the direction he had to go; he followed behind, giving it time to get out of sight of the house; very soon the lady missed it, ran out and inquired of Tom about her bird; he pointed in another direction and said, "Yonder goes your d——d old turkey." While she went in the direction pointed out, Tom captured the gobbler and "lit out." Tom was a good one; he is alive, and I expect well remembers the occurrence. Here we drilled every day, when the weather would permit; at night the bands of the 14th South Carolina and the 13th North Carolina would play alternate pieces from their respective camps. For a good portion of the time the ground was covered with snow, and snow-ball battles between regiments and sometimes brigades were of frequent occurrence; on one occasion our brigade and Gen. Pender's became engaged, and the field officers were out on horseback and took part in the sport—it was pretty rough, although seldom any serious casualties. At this camp I witnessed a cruel punishment inflicted on two men belonging to Pender's Brigade; they had attempted to desert and were sentenced to be whipped; poor fellows! they were stripped to the waist and 39 lashes put on their bare backs; at every blow the blood would flow down their tender flesh. I would rather have died than for it to have been me. We would often hear the volleys that sent some poor deserting fellow to his long home; I never had any desire to

witness anything of the sort. One species of punishment inflicted by Gen. Pender on his men was to make them march all day in front of the guard tent with their heads stuck through flour barrels—we called them wood overcoats; still another was riding the wooden horse, or carrying a heavy billet of wood all day. We had no occasion for such punishment in our brigade. Nearly every day would bring large numbers of conscripts to these North Carolina regiments; they would be dressed in all kinds of style and subjected to such jeers as “Come out of that churn!” “Come out of them boots!” “Git down out of that hat, I know you are there, for I see your legs dangling out!” “Where did you get that churn? have you got your family hid in the upper story?” “Did you come all the way by yourself?” “How did you leave the girls?” “Are you going to make your visit long?” “Why didn’t you come before you was sent for?” etc.—completely bewildering these new-comers and giving a faint idea what a rough set soldiers are. We had preaching Sundays, when the weather would permit, by our Chaplain, Rev. C. B. Betts, and the soldiers manifested a deep interest in the services; on one occasion he gave out the 90th Psalm, I believe it was; the words were: “Lord, who is he that can to Thee give praises lying in the grave?” and the whole regiment seemed to join in the singing, led by John Sloan, of Co. F—poor fellow! I hope he is singing now among the hosts of Heaven. One afternoon, while the snow was falling in tremendous flakes, the wind howling and driving it in every direction, the drums beat, we were formed into line and moved for what point we knew not; we marched several miles through this blinding snow in the direction of Hamilton’s Crossing; at dark halted in the woods, without fire, and nothing but green wood; soon our axes were going and presently the woods were brilliant with burning log heaps. We had been ordered to corduroy the road for several miles, to enable our wagons to haul supplies to camp over the awful roads, and were here some time before finishing our part of the job; finally we were ordered back to camp, only to remain a short time, before we were called away on important business.

---

#### CHAPTER XVI.

From Camp Geegg we picketed again on the Rappahannock. One day orders came for us to cook three days’ rations; we did

so, and what we had as allowance for three days would have been none too much for one. The long roll beat, we formed in line, the roll was called and we were soon marching in the direction of Fredericksburg; arriving on the field where Burnside had been defeated a few months before, we were halted and skirmishers thrown out. The enemy were cannonading us from the Stafford heights and could easily keep us shelled back from the river; under cover of this shelling they placed pontoons in position, threw a large force across and sent a strong line of skirmishers out in the direction of Hamilton's Crossing. Our skirmishers were soon in their range, and popping so strongly that they had to fall back under the protection of their cannon on the Stafford hills; here a skirmish battle raged throughout the day; we felt sure that their entire army would be thrown over during the night and that the following day Fighting Joe Hooker, who had succeeded Burnside, would attempt to give us a drubbing on the spot where Burnside had skedaddled from so hastily. Early next morning we were agreeably surprised to find they had recrossed the river under cover of darkness, and no enemy were in sight except the pickets on the opposite side of the river; but we soon heard firing up the river in the direction of Kelley's or Ely's Ford and were soon marching there. We now heard heavy firing in front, and in the afternoon came up to where the fighting had commenced; here we saw a lookout they had erected on a tall tree. Just before dark we filed out from the road into the woods and were subjected to a cross fire from the enemy's picket in front and our own in rear; fortunately, no one was hurt before the mistake of our men was corrected; we lay down to rest, after placing a strong picket line in our front; we were on a small spot of cleared land, with woods in front and all around us; I slept but little, if any, brooding on the morrow; all night I could hear thousands of axes in front of us. Early next morning their bugles were sounding, a battery of artillery was run to within a half mile of us and were soon sending commissary-seekers, as we called them, crashing over our heads; our artillery ran up to the little space of cleared land and sent some telling shells amongst them. We were now ordered forward in line of battle past our pickets, to find their

infantry; after advancing several hundred yards through the thick woods, we were suddenly treated to a volley from ambush; only a few were wounded, each got under cover of a tree or something and for a time the only firing was when a man from either side would show his head. About 10 o'clock we were relieved, fell back to the public road and diverged to another in the direction of Richmond; for some distance we were in sight of the enemy's cannon on a hill to our right, which shelled us rapidly; we kept up our march all day—first South, then West, then North and North-west, passing an old iron foundry on the way; the enemy evidently believed we were retreating—their cavalry charged in and captured part of our wagon train, but were driven off by a Georgia regiment. A short time only before sun-down we struck Fighting Joe's right flank and took him by surprise, many of the regiments being on dress parade, while others were cooking and eating—they were panic-stricken to find us in their rear almost, were driven back pell-mell and suffered terrible loss, until those still in rear of them could form sufficiently to check the advance of our troops; the battle raged until a good while into the night. This eventful night, on the eve of achieving the crowning act of his life, our beloved Gen. "Stonewall" received his death wound, and that, too, at the hands of his own men; the circumstances are so well known that it is unnecessary to repeat them here. We lay on the field of battle, and the next day our regiment, for a wonder, was not carried into the renewed fight, but put on provost duty, to gather up and send stragglers to the front.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

It would seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, we gathered up hundreds—yes, I may say thousands—of men who had run out of the fight, officers as well as privates; we formed them in squads and sent them to the front. We had occasion to visit our hospital where the wounded were being brought, and tell the untarnished truth when I say there was a pile of arms and legs as large as a good-sized house. All day we could hear the rattle of musketry and roar of cannon, as "Fighting Joe" was being ingloriously pressed back on the swollen river. The



next day our regiment, some 350 guns, were put in charge of 2,000 Federal prisoners, with instructions to carry them to Richmond, distant 80 or 100 miles, through an open country; I forget how many days we were on the road; we had no relief—it took every man to stand guard day and night—no rest, no sleep, nothing to eat. At last we reached Guinea Station and halted 48 hours, without food or shelter. Our prisoners fared better than we did—most of them had small water-proof cloaks or tent flies, and would huddle together under them from the rain. The second night after our arrival at Guinea Station we had orders to put the officers of our prisoners on board cars and send them forward; there were 75 or 100 of these; we marched them to the depot and had to wait an hour; while standing in the rain these Federal officers sang “Old Hundred,” “Praise God,” etc.; I thought it the sweetest music I ever heard. The next day we reached Hanover Junction and for one night were relieved by some of Davis’ Mississippians encamped there, and got some “salt horse” and “hard tack.” Next morning we resumed our march to Richmond, which we reached late in the afternoon, having only lost four prisoners, they being left sick by the way. These fellows could have overpowered us at any time on this march, but the most of them appeared to prefer imprisonment to fighting. On reaching Richmond the piazzas and sidewalks were crowded with citizens, who had heard of their coming and wished to see the prisoners; a goodly number were young men, dudes, home guards, who taunted our captives, but were gotten the best of, being met with the reply that they had better be at the front, that if their capture had depended on them they would never have been taken, etc.; very true, too. We marched them down to Libby Prison and turned them over to the authorities; poor fellows, they thanked us for our kind treatment of them, and assured us that if ever they captured a member of our regiment they would treat him with the utmost kindness; told us good-bye and blessed us as long as they could see us. A number of these prisoners were Germans, members of the 11th (Seigel’s) Corps, many were unable to speak a word of English; the native born Yankees would taunt them by saying, “You fight mit Seigel and run mit Howard,” from the fact

that this corps had done some good fighting under Seigel, but when Howard was in command they would run. After turning over our trust, we drew rations, got something to drink, were marched out of the city and camped on the line of the R. & F. R. R., remained a few days and had a little rest and fun; hoped we would be allowed to remain here and guard the city; we were heroes; young ladies paid us great attention and many roguish glances were exchanged. While in the height of our glory, almost forgetting that there was such a thing as war in the land, or if there was, we were having such a series of successes that peace would soon be declared, the fateful order came to pack knapsacks, if we had any, form line, call the roll and board the cars again for that same old hateful place, Hamilton's Crossing. Soon we reached this historic battle-field or the vicinity—this time not to remain so long, but to once more take up the line of march across the Potomac, as we shall see further on.

---

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

Our corps commander, Gen. T. J. Jackson, having been called from the scenes of carnage "beyond the river," as he declared on his dying couch, "to rest under the shade of the trees," Gen. A. P. Hill succeeded him. Gen. Pender, of North Carolina, of whom we had a perfect horror, as being such a strict disciplinarian, was made commander of our division and Gen. Samuel McGowan of our brigade. It is an old adage, but not a true one, that "Self-praise is half scandal;" however, I venture the assertion that Gen. A. P. Hill's Corps did as much, if not more, genuine hard fighting than any corps in the Confederate army. Some time in June we were called from camp and ordered not to encumber ourselves with unnecessary baggage, and started for Kelley's or Ely's Ford, to drive back some Federal cavalry (as we thought) who were making demonstrations in that quarter; our men were full of enthusiasm and nearly every member of Co. O was in ranks, expecting only a little fun. All day we marched, passing over the same route we had taken in the first part of the battle of Chancellorsville, but keeping straight on and passing over the field where now lay many of the men, half exposed, who had yielded up their lives and been rudely buried

there; night came on and we halted and rested, but no signs of the enemy. The next morning strict orders were given that no straggling should be allowed. Alas! Co. O; many whose names I could call, who had managed to keep out of marching or fighting, were marching now to their last fight. That morning word came to us that our baggage had all been piled up and burned; with it was consumed my diary, in which I kept a strict account of each day's events from the time of our arrival at Lightwood-knot Springs. Our march was Northward, and Gen. Pender, of whom we had entertained such fears, proved quite humane and treated us kindly, halting and resting in the middle of the day, never marching more than 12 or 13 miles a day. We passed through many towns and villages in Virginia where first one and then the other army had held sway, but everywhere could be witnessed genuine and true devotion to the Southern cause; the ladies cheered us and expressed the hope that the enemy would never more be allowed to pollute their homes. We now had a fine army in all branches; our bands enlivened the march with strains of martial music; when a halt was made, foraging parties would sally forth, not to steal, but to beg, and they always brought in something nice. At last we reach the mighty Potomac, the river we had always considered the great dividing line between the contending armies, and have to wade it, which we do to music from the band of the 14th S. C. V. We felt full of hope that now, being in such strong force in Maryland, her sons would rally by thousands to our standard—but they didn't rally worth much. Some towns through which we passed appeared to be intensely Southern, while in others, if a Confederate flag was seen, some lady waved a tiny one away back from a window, evidently afraid for her neighbors to see it, lest she should be reported, arrested and thrown into prison, for being in sympathy with the Southern cause. Poor Maryland! "she breathed, she burned," but never did come. On we marched the day after, never seeing the enemy, but constantly expecting him; most of the fighting done on this march was by cavalry, for a wonder—precious little had they done up to this time. When a halt was called, it was amusing to see the banks of branches or streams, if either were near, lined with "rebs."

with their shirts off, not solely for bathing, but busily engaged in trying to rid themselves of the loathsome body guard. Once we marched until after nightfall, halted in a field of clover and had neither lights nor fire; myself and three others spread our oil cloths, then a blanket or two, lay down, covered with blankets and an oil cloth, used our knapsacks as pillows and slept soundly, the rain actually washing out little drains around our pallet. After awhile we crossed a stream on a bridge; a crowd of ladies had assembled to see the Southern army in full force put their feet on the soil of Pennsylvania; we crossed the line without molestation and continued our march; the highways were lined with trees swaying with large ripe cherries, but were not allowed to halt; passed the charred remains of Thad. Stevens' celebrated iron works, but, with the exception of this burning, private property was not molested, Gen. Lee having issued strict orders against molesting anything unless necessary to supply the demands of the army, such as horses, cattle, &c.

---

#### CHAPTER XIX.

Private property was protected, but if we had known what was in store for our homes and families by Sherman and his vandals, we would have made a clean sweep and left them homeless; we were passing through a rich belt, almost one continuous town, the farm houses were so close to each other—most of the people were Dutch, with some Shakers; it was amusing to hear them tell how their horses were taken by our army—one old fellow said he covered a horse up “mit a hay-sthack, but it was no use, de tam rebels find him anyhow.” It was a great place for apple butter, but if we got any we had to “press” it; they did not at first know what was meant when told we would press anything, but soon learned that it meant to “make um coom anyway.” After a time we halt at a place called Cash-town, and learn that the enemy are not far off. The morning of July 1, 1863, we resume the march; soon hear artillery firing two or three miles in front; press on, meeting prisoners, civilians, &c., at last come to a large brick dwelling on an elevation to our left, called Salem; the cannon were fired more rapidly, the musketry—pop, pop, pop—resembled fire in a cane-brake.

We are ordered to form in line of battle on the right of the road and advance at double quick over fences, gardens, hedges, &c., until we get in reach of their shells; here we rest and eat, the fight raging in our front, shells from the enemy's guns bursting over us; now is heard the 'rebel yell' on the left; soon we are ordered forward, advance half a mile and are halted on the brow of a hill in a skirt of undergrowth, and witness the slaughter of Davis' Mississippi Brigade. who, in an open field two or three hundred yards in front of us, instead of charging and sweeping the enemy. stand and are cut down like grain before the sickle. While halted here, 75 or 100 men came charging up just to our left, dismounted and picked off the enemy with long range guns over the heads of the Mississippians, who are advancing up an inclined plain towards the enemy. Just after crossing a branch about 40 yards from where we halted, Capt. John A. Hinnant, of Co. C, received a grape shot through his left leg, reeled and fell; we continued to advance some 200 yards, when they opened on us with grape and canister to our left, while the infantry poured leaden hail in front; I received a grape shot in my right leg below the knee, which shattered the bone into splinters, the shoe on that foot flying off some distance; within a radius of a yard and a half two members of my company also fell—John A. Robertson and Jim Williamson; I could not move, but plainly saw what was going on; our brigade was wavering and about to fall back, when Col. Perrin, in command, still on horseback, with drawn sword, dashed to the front, telling the men to follow him; this action gave new life to the brigade, who charged and dislodged the enemy from behind a stone wall. Here I lay, bullets falling around like hail, still no infirmary or ambulance corps to carry me off for a length of time; finally two of them ventured up, danger over, as they thought, but had no stretcher to carry me; the July sun was broiling hot and I famishing for water; I directed the men to get two poles, cut my sword belt into strings, tie my blanket to the poles, lift me in it and carry me to the rear; the blanket sagged so much that it came near smothering me. On reaching the branch we had so recently crossed in all the pride of manhood, I begged the men to lay me down in the water to cool, and for a time my life's blood



caused the water to run red—I knew that if I lived I was ruined forever. My friends again placed me in the blanket and went in search of our hospital: half a mile back we came to a whole division of our troops, stacked arms, cooking and eating, as if nothing was going on, while our poor boys were catching death at every step. I found a surgeon, who told me our hospital was about three miles back, not an ambulance in sight; he finally sent me in a little wagon to where our surgeons were.

---

#### CHAPTER XX.

My driver in the wagon was a full-fledged Irishman, from a Mississippi regiment; he appeared very sorry for me, and when I groaned would say, “Poor boy, I hope we’ll soon reach your hospital.” We found it at last, I was lifted out and put on a pile of straw. I knew my leg would have to be amputated, but did not wish it done by the surgeon of our regiment, Dr. Bailey, I wanted Dr. Evins, the brigade surgeon, to perform the operation, and, with tears streaming down my cheeks, begged him to do it, which he promised he would; I was given something and laid out until next afternoon—was too near dead to know how the night passed. The next day I was lifted upon a table, which roused me a little, chloroform was placed to my nostrils and I felt as if I rose up and flew away. When I next remembered anything, I was on a pile of straw on my back in a tent, my right leg gone; some parties were whispering that I was gone, no chance for me; I felt that my time had come and was resigned to my fate, but thought it hard. On the 3d of July I heard the awful cannonading between our own and the enemy’s forces. On the morning of the 4th, Edgar Powell, of the 1st S. C. V., brought me some nourishment, the first I had taken, and I began to get a little strength. Poor Edgar, after safely passing through all these scenes, recently took his own life; he was my friend, I shall ever revere his memory. I now learned that our army was in full retreat, and that we were left to the tender mercies of five or six well men of our regiment, left to nurse and dress our wounds, until the enemy should take charge of us. On the 5th or 6th, a body of awkward Yankee cavalry, with drawn sabres, came charging and captured us in the name of the

United States. When I got a little better, I learned that my leg had been amputated by the said Bailey while so drunk that he had to lean against the table to keep from falling; there are many living witnesses to testify to this fact; I suppose he deemed me a good subject to experiment on—amputated my limb twice and left me such an imperfect stump that I could never wear an artificial limb, but will go on crutches the balance of my life, having already been on them 25 years. We lay nearly naked and starved for some time before the enemy gave us any attention except to capture us; could hear the guns of our men, as they sullenly retreated to the Potomac, and our hearts felt sad to think of them; the days were very hot and the nights cool. Our covering consisted of blankets picked up on the battlefield, and so full of lice that we could lie on our backs and see them almost move the covering; we became polluted—hair, beard, rags. I mention these things in order that those who were not there and the children who have grown up since may know what war is, and learn to cultivate peace. In the same tent with me was Capt. J. A. Hinnant and others of my company, D. L. Carter, Wylie Wyrick and R. K. Moses—the last two died of their wounds; Jim Harvey and Sam. Proctor, of Co. F; Billy Crosby, of Co. D (who died there), and others; we were close together, but I can't remember all. The nurses I can think of who were left with us are Dolph Dunlap, of our company, and Tom Harris, of Co. F—they had a hard time, too. Poor wounded soldiers, there they lay; frequently some one would start to sing, when all who were able joined in, and the little camp resounded with strains of sacred music, praise to the great Creator; the words of a popular piece they sang was: "Joyfully, joyfully onward, we're bound for the land of bright spirits above," etc. On the morning of the 17th, the Yankees began to move us away; I was placed in an ambulance and driven carefully over a rough turnpike to Gettysburg—if I suffered, it was not the fault of my driver, for he used the utmost care to keep me from jolting; good, kind-hearted soul, I hope the Lord blessed him for it. Arriving at Gettysburg, we were placed in box cars, and while the train was standing, sweet women, ladies from Baltimore, Sisters of Charity, had refresh-

ments of all kinds, distributing to us poor sufferers; buckets of milk punch were passed along the train, and every poor rebel allowed to help himself, if able—if not, kind hands lifted him up and held it to his dying lips.

---

#### CHAPTER XXI.

We remained in the cars at Gettysburg some time; our crowd was broken and separated here, some going to Fort LaFayette, some to Fort Delaware, some to Camp Chase, some to Elmira, &c. After a time our old freight train starts. Very little of incident occurred that night, except that one of our guards, who bore the name of Jeff. Davis and appeared to be quite proud of it, was very kind to us. At Harrisburg, he got out of the cars and brought back some whiskey, which he treated out as long as it lasted. At every station we passed hundreds of people were present to see the rebel prisoners. At Easton we stopped a good while; plenty of ladies were here to see us, and here two of them asked my name and gave me theirs—they were Misses Sallie Brontzman and Lucinda Hilburn. They said they were not expecting us to look like other people at all. Later on, I corresponded with these ladies. They would not send me any money, however, as they had conscientious scruples about it. I have, or did have, Miss Hilburn's photograph; a fine looking lady she was, too. I cannot now remember how long we were in getting from Gettysburg to Jersey City. At all events, on reaching that city, we were transferred to a steamboat and made as comfortable as we could be under the circumstances. The monster Great Eastern was pointed out to us here. As soon as all the prisoners had been transferred to the steamer, she steamed up and carried us to David's Island, situated in Long Island Sound, about twenty-five miles from New York city. Here we were tenderly carried ashore and placed in a pavilion, each man having a separate bed, on which were new and soft mattresses, clean sheets and pillow cases. After undergoing a thorough bath, shaving and being furnished with clean clothing, our wounds were dressed, cards placed at the head of each bed, giving name, rank and State of each occupant. They tried to make us just as comfort-

able as possible. The surgeon of my pavilion was one Dr. Edwards, a red-headed, full-blooded Yankee; but he had a noble, kind heart. The surgeon in charge of the entire hospital was Dr. Simmons, a native of South Carolina, but surgeon in the regular army when the war broke out. His every action showed that his heart was with us. In fact, he said he could and would do us more good there than if he had been in the Confederate army. We had every attention and privilege that we could expect; attentive nurses day and night. In the same pavilion with me, I remember J. A. Hinnant, Captain of our company; Capt. A. F. Butler, of Savannah; Capt. Malone and Lieut. Freeman, of Georgia; Jim Tiddy, of Charlotte; Henry Wilkinson, of Norfolk; Adjutant Crocker, of Portsmouth; Lieut. Goode, of Virginia; Lieut. Cathey, of North Carolina. Lieut. Fordham for some time had a servant with him in the army, by the name of West, and he used to beat him so frequently with a stick, that at last West ran off and left him. Wilkinson was shot in the head, and we all thought it strange to see him walking on crutches. Poor Goode had a ball in his knee and seemed to suffer a great deal. He was placed on a water bed, the first and only one I ever saw. The doctors at last decided to amputate his leg, and he only lived a few days afterward; so eager were the Yankees for Confederate trophies, that they actually made finger rings of the bones of poor Goode's amputated leg. Those whose wounds were slight or only flesh wounds, were soon able to go where they pleased over the island. We were furnished whiskey every day; my ration was eight ounces. I scarcely ever drank half of it, consequently my nurse got a good drink every morning, and appreciated it by showing me marked kindness. Before I was able to walk on crutches, he pulled me all over the island in a nice little invalid's wagon. His name was Fred Bond. We wrote and received letters from home every day, and the Southern ladies living there visited us and rendered every comfort in their power. Here I received my first present of greenbacks, (\$10) which was given to me by Mrs. Hunter, formerly Miss Middleton, of South Carolina. Sweet lady, I wonder if she is alive and remembers it. She furnished me with feather pil-

lows, too. I cannot omit to mention the names of some others who did all they could to make us comfortable. There was Miss Annie Morris and sister, I think they were from South Carolina; Miss Welsman, of Charleston, Miss Winston, Mrs. Schmidt, Mrs. Sullivan, (the prettiest lady I ever saw,) Mrs. Land, Mrs. Dodge, Misses Julia and Virginia Granberry and a Mr. Tobias, of Charleston, assisted us a great deal. I hope these parties are alive and enjoying all the comforts they so richly deserve.

---

### CHAPTER XXII.

We had many Southern sympathisers at the North; Mrs. Jas. Gordon Bennett visited us at David's Island and furnished us with many comforts. The ladies established private kitchens on the island and hired cooks at their own expense; every rebel who was able could go there and get his meals, and they would send the eating to those unable to go for it, consequently we were little expense to the Yankee Government. I mention these things in order that those who did not witness may know what strong sympathy we had at the North; they furnished us nice suits of clothes, and at last, when the authorities became jealous, and would not allow us citizen's clothes, some of these ladies smuggled them over, wearing them on their persons. They had Hinnant's and my measure taken for artificial legs, costing \$150 each—I will state how I received mine in a future chapter. One Sunday afternoon two gentlemen came into our pavilions, one of whom sat down on the edge of my couch, gave me his name (which I wish I could remember), informed me he was from Baltimore, and that his sympathies were with us and his money too, as far as he could make it do any good. On leaving, he inquired if I would like to see the day's paper, pulling one from his pocket; I thanked him; he cautioned me to be careful in opening it, not to let the Yankee nurses see me do it, bid me good-bye and left. As soon as I had an opportunity I opened it and was delighted to find folded therein two \$20 greenbacks—I tell you, I felt rich then. These are the kind of friends we had at the North and numbers of them, too, if they had any chance of displaying it; they furnished us with



money as long as we remained at David's Island and sent it to us after we left there. If the eye of any of those whose names I have mentioned should chance to fall upon these lines, I would be glad to hear from them. After remaining here three months or more, we heard the unwelcome news that we were to be moved to some other prison. The evening we started, Dr. Edwards treated every man of his charge to as much whiskey as he would drink; our parting with him and Dr. Simmons was indeed sad. We were carried to Bedloe's Island, in full view of New York and its shipping; here we fared tolerably well, the troops were under command of Col. Merchant, who had a brother a Colonel in the Confederate army. Here poor Cathey fell and broke his leg over and it had to be amputated. We were allowed to go to church in the chapel, the only ladies attending being Col. Merchant's daughters; on one occasion the choir sang "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," and I never heard such music before from those words. We remained here about three weeks, when 23 of us, all commissioned officers, were put on a tug and carried across to Jersey City; in passing a French man-of-war the crew waved their hands and cheered. Reaching Jersey City, we were put on the cars and started for Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie. We 23 cripples had a guard of one commissioned and 14 non-commissioned officers and privates of the 8th U. S. regulars—nearly a guard for each man. Our route lay through Northwestern New York, some of the most delightful scenery I ever saw; through and under the mountains in tunnels as dark as midnight, our train sped on its way without any event of interest until we arrived at Dunkirk, where our train was delayed several hours; some musicians serenaded us with Dixie, The Bonnie Blue Flag and other Southern war songs. A gentleman came up and talked with us; said his name was Saunders and his home in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin; was with us heart and soul; sent off and bought 10 or 12 pounds of cheese, about the same of crackers, a three gallon demijohn of whiskey, and made us a present of it. When our train moved off, our crowd and guard, with the exception of the Lieutenant in charge, were quite lively; one of the guard got so drunk that he fell off the platform and was killed. I can't remember the Lieutenant's

name—he said he was a native of Charleston, S. C. At last we reach Sandusky, Ohio, are transferred to a steamer, and after nightfall reach Johnson's Island, Lake Erie. As we march up and give our names, we are told to give up our money, &c.; for the first time since our capture begin to realize what is to be prison life; block 9, with bunk beds, is assigned us as quarters.

---

### CHAPTER XXIII.

The Johnson's Island prison was enclosed by a high fence or wall, every few yards on which was stationed a blue coat, with a loaded gun; there were 19 or 20 houses, two stories high, capable of holding 125 or 150 men; they called them blocks. We had nothing to do but to enjoy ourselves, if we could; got enough coarse grub—bacon, hard beans, potatoes, codfish, etc. There were here about 2,500 Confederate officers, from Major-General to Lieutenant—among them some of the finest looking men in America, of the highest talent and cultured intellect—there were almost all nationalities, except the negro. Jeff. Thompson, Beale, Trimble, Jones and other Generals were here. On the streets were fruit stands, restaurants, etc., kept by Confederate officers; men went about peddling apples, chestnuts, grapes, etc.; along the front of the blocks on each side were bulletin boards, where could be seen every few hours despatches received by the underground route. The weather was intensely cold, the wind coming right off Lake Erie, which sometimes was frozen over so the boats could not run. The men employed themselves making gutta percha rings with gold sets, chains, bone rings, violins, etc. In one of the blocks was a theatre, the scenery in which was gotten up and the plays written by rebels; among the plays was "The Battle of Gettysburg," written by A. J. Peeler, of Florida, and a good play it was, too—if Adjt. Peeler is living and has the manuscript, he ought to furnish it for the stage now, some portions of it would bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened sinner, while in others a saint could not refrain from laughter. When these plays were to come off, the most flaming, nicely gotten up programmes would be distributed over the prison; every fellow who could raise enough to buy a ticket would attend, a large number of the audience

being officers and soldiers of the garrison, who paid for their tickets and enjoyed it as much and more than we did. Masons held regular meetings, the presiding officer being Col. Lewis, of Arkansas or Missouri. There was preaching in some of the blocks every night; in my block was a pious old gentleman, an unlearned minister, named Maness; one night he was preaching in one part of the building, in another part a crowd were fiddling and having a stag dance, in another were three or four squads playing cards, while still others were reading novels or joking and laughing. In discussing our Saviour's conduct while on earth, the old gentleman said: "Did He go off yander and fiddle and dance? did He set off yander and play cards? or did He set off yander and read novels?" But his words had small effect on those for whom he preached them; many of the prisoners lived pious, exemplary lives and took a deep interest in the religious meetings. There was an Indian here. Captain of Co. B, 2d Choctaw Confederate Cavalry, named Elapishtabbe Simeon Hamilton; he made a bow and arrows, with which he was very expert; the island seemed alive with large wharf rats and about sunset every evening he would kill a great many, and could always find a ready sale for them to the prisoners; I never could take any in mine; poor Elapishtabbe, he was taken with something like erysipelas and died. The commandant of the garrison was Col. Pearson; when we first got to Johnson's Island he was pretty clever, but the Major was the biggest liar unhung. There were a great many of Gen. John H. Morgan's men here—fine, large, handsome Kentuckians; a number from the Western army, and a good sprinkling of South Carolinians, among the latter I remember Samuel Dibble, W. C. Coker, R. G. Howard, I. Ravenel Macbeth, J. B. Campbell, John Taylor, P. H. B. Shuler, Mike Sharp, J. A. Hinnant, Wm. Clyburn, T. J. H. H. B. Douglass and Capt. Bowen, of Pickens—the latter and Lieut. Webb, of Kentucky, one of Morgan's men, had a fisticuff set-to one day, in which Bowen would have come out best, but they were separated too soon. Some of the prisoners were constantly trying to escape; it was only eighteen miles to the Canada line, and they thought once outside, they could make their way there on the frozen lake; some were tunneling

all the time, and Capt. Cole, of Missouri, got his tunnel under the wall and his head and part of his body out one night, when he was discovered, and the prisoners got up a song about "Capt. Cole got hung in the hole." Others managed to get hold of Federal uniforms, and in the evening, about the time the Yankees usually came in to get the saws and axes we had been using in the prison all day, would gather a saw or axe and skip out of the gate without detection; they were almost invariably captured outside, though, as they knew not where to deposit the tools, and were thus detected. After we had been here some time, they became alarmed that our friends were coming over from Canada to liberate us, and Gen. Terry, with his brigade of 5,000 men, were sent as a garrison. Some nights it was so cold we could not sleep, and were not allowed to have a light, even the little reflection from the fire in the stove after 9 P. M. would be sure to draw a Yankee bullet without any warning.

---

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

One night the weather was so very cold that some of us could not sleep. Myself, Lieut. Tiddy, of North Carolina, Capt. Stubbs, of Mississippi, Lieut. Cox, of Tennessee, and others concluded to sit up all night; we formed what we called the "Owl Club," and concluded that as we could not sleep, we would keep our more fortunate room-mates awake, too. We kept a low fire burning in the stove, in proportion to the wood we happened to have. About 3 o'clock, the reflection from the fire shone on the sash—we heard the report of a gun, a bullet came crashing through the sash, whistled over our heads and buried itself in the wall, just above the bunks of our sleeping friends. This broke up the Owl Club for the night, much to the satisfaction of Capt. Hinnant, of my regiment, and Capt. Haynes, of Lincolnnton, N. C. Occasionally, a reb would take the oath of allegiance and get out. One day, a fellow by the name of Dougherty wrote an application to send out to Gen. Terry, stating that he wished to take the oath. He accidentally dropped the letter and some of his companions found it. The consequence was, that poor Dougherty met with some rough treatment. The ground was covered with snow, and his

former friends and associates tried to stone him to death with snow-balls—they kicked, knocked and abused him, threatening to hang him. A Yankee lieutenant ran in and tried to disperse the crowd, but that only seemed to exasperate the men, and he, too, was heartily pelted with snow-balls. At last he appealed to a reb, Capt. Fellows, whom he knew, to try and get the rest to let Dougherty alone. As soon as Capt. Fellows spoke, quiet was restored, until he made the announcement that the Yankee lieutenant had promised to take the d——d rascal from our midst. The lieutenant started out with him, but the temptation was so great that the snow-balls soon began to rain on Dougherty and the lieutenant. The gates were opened, and a squad of Yankee infantry rushed in, strung out and shouted to our men to disperse and get back or they would fire. They were met with the response, “Fire and be d——d, you cowardly Yankee——s!” As there were 600 or 700 rebs on the lake shore, getting water at the time, the Yankees concluded it might not be healthy to fire, and did not do so; the lieutenant succeeded in getting Dougherty out and closing the gate. If Dougherty is alive now, I don’t suppose he stands very high in the estimation of either side. There were several battles fought between the prisoners, in which one portion of them was commanded by a rebel General, purporting to be Yankees, and the others by another rebel General, representing the Confederates. Old Johnson, the owner of the island, kept a sutlery, or rather, had it kept, within the prison walls. At this sutlery, any of us who had any money on hand, or on deposit outside, could buy anything they might have to sell. Johnson conceived a new idea, however, of making money at our expense. He had a photographer to make a number of views of the prison enclosure and buildings on a large scale; thinking every man of us would want one of them to bring home to our friends. We did not like the place well enough to be crazy for his pictures, consequently, very few were bought. Failing to sell them as fast as he expected to do, he hit upon a plan of trying to force us to buy. He would not allow his clerk to sell us anything until we bought one of his pictures first, the price of which was \$3. While this embargo lasted, he sold very little, and it was rather



an unpleasant thing for him to be seen by any of us, as he was greeted with all sorts of vile epithets. He raised such a rumpus that the commandant made old Johnson countermand his order, and we could again buy as before. If the old whelp is still alive, I expect he would be glad to sell his photographs for much less than \$3. The Western men were constantly receiving boxes from home, and many of the rest of us were frequently the recipients of nice boxes from our sympathising friends in New York, Baltimore and other places. Every morning an eager crowd would gather at the point where the names of those were called out, who had anything to be delivered to them, and here they had a "dead line," which, if one of us accidentally or unthoughtfully crossed, we were shot dead. Not far beyond this "dead line" were a number of men wearing balls and chains; who they were or what were their crimes, I never knew; they were there when we went, and still there when we left. Poor fellows, I think I should rather have been dead. There are a great many mysterious things in connection with that cruel war, which will always remain a mystery. Every morning, the bulletin boards would contain something about the exchange of prisoners—the cartel had been arranged; a number were going to be carried to City Point; were to start the next morning. Next morning, probably the bulletin boards would contain the announcement that so many were to be taken out and shot, in retaliation for some Yankee whom our bush-whackers had killed, &c. Here I witnessed the meeting of two neighbors, who belonged to different sides—Capt. Green, of the Confederate army, and Lieut. Lohmire, of the 11th Ohio Cavalry. They were both, or had been, citizens of Ozark, Mo. They greeted each other in the most friendly manner, and were glad to hear of each other's welfare. Such was that cruel war, neighbor fighting against neighbor, brother against brother, yea, even son against father. Who was responsible, certainly not for the most part, the men who did the fighting? No, those who boasted that they would be willing to drink all the blood that would be shed, if the South seceded, and who, after the war began, found soft places, bomb-proofs, commissariats, quartermasters, ordnance departments, enrolling

officers, title gatherers, etc., and speculate at the expense of the blood and lives of those to whom they were saying: "Sic 'em, fellows, go for 'em; we will see that your wives and children are taken care of in case of your death. We will protect them in your absence," etc. There were, however, some glorious exceptions to this theory, and some few of the men who talked this way, sealed their devotion to their country and its cause with their blood, yea, and their lives. Gov. J. H. Means, for one, and some others.

---

### CHAPTER XXV.

At last the joyful message arrives that some of us are to be paroled, exchanged, sent home, or some disposition made of us; this information we got from Major Scovill, who, for once in his life, told the truth—three or four hundred are to be selected, taken alphabetically; my name coming near the head of the alphabet, I am one of the 360, mostly cripples, chosen: we are marched out of the prison gate, placed on a steamboat and are soon steaming away for Sandusky; the lake being frozen, a channel has been cut through the ice, which now, late in the evening, begins to freeze over, and our progress is slow; at last about sun-set we reach the city, disembark and are hurried to a large hall for the night. Old Jackson is about the first man we spy, and he is abused for everything that is mean; he got out of sight as soon as possible, no doubt feeling how contemptibly he had treated us. In this hall we spent the night, cold and hungry, having nothing given us but hard tack ("floating battery" crackers) and coffee or tea. The next morning, bright and early, we were marched under a heavy guard to the cars and put in second class coaches, 50 or 60 men in each car, with a blue-coated Yank at each door to shoot us if we stirred; they did not furnish us even with water to drink, and the complaints of the men for water amounted to naught. At last the train halted for a time at Reading and we besought the guard to get us some water; one of them said he wished, by —, we would dry up our slack about water, as he was tired of hearing it; Capt. John Cussans, of Selma, Ala., replied: "You d—d Yankee, we are thirsty, we want water, we are free to ask for it

and shall certainly do so, it costs no money." The guard at the other end of the car called out to his companion: "Blow a hole through him; do you allow him to curse you?" The fellow pulled out a long Colt's navy and started to aim it at Cussans, who looked at him with the bravery of a lion and the eye of an eagle and replied: "You d—d cowardly blue-coated Yankee scoundrel, attempt to shoot and we'll cut you to pieces with our pocket-knives." The fellow turned pale, quailed and put up his pistol. The Lieutenant of the guard passed the car window; Cussans related the occurrence and demanded water, which soon came. Late in the afternoon we passed through Pittsburg, the city over which continually hangs a cloud of black smoke from the numberless foundries, furnaces, etc.; at a distance had a view of Fort DuQuesne, of Revolutionary fame. As we were about to leave this city one of the prisoners and a citizen spied and recognized each other; such an abusing and cursing as each got I never heard; the cause of their hatred I did not learn—another of the strange occurrences of this cruel and bloody war. All night we were speeding toward Baltimore; every hour or two the guard came rushing through the car, trampling on the poor crippled, sleeping rebs, seeing if some of us were not trying to escape; when within a short distance of the city, one of our men leaped out of a window and escaped, reaching Richmond long before the rest of us. About daylight we roll into Baltimore, are hurried off the cars, formed in line and marched to the steamboat landing; but such an escort—a regiment of infantry and battery of artillery in front, a squadron of cavalry on either side and a brigade of infantry and battery of artillery in the rear—to guard 360 crippled rebs through the city of Baltimore. As we marched through by the morning twilight we could see from almost every window a small Confederate flag waving to us—those waving evidently trying not to attract the notice of the guard, but wishing us to see it; we could not help thinking as the song rang: "The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland, my Maryland; his touch is at thy temple door, Maryland, my Maryland;" but, alas! she was not able to avenge "The patriotic gore that flowed the streets of Baltimore;" and while she breathed and burned, she could not come. We were hurried through and put on a steamer for Point Lookout.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

On the pretty steamer *City of New York*, bound for Point Lookout, we had plenty to eat and the best coffee I thought I had ever drank; the boat ran along so smoothly, that while in her hold we could not perceive that we were moving at all. At last we reach Point Lookout; the weather is very cold. The wounded are assigned quarters in the hospital, while the others are placed in what is called the "bull pen," guarded by black troops. The Sisters of Mercy did all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of those who needed attention, and could be seen at all hours going from one to the other of the sufferers. There were a number of our soldiers who had taken the oath of allegiance, as it seemed there never would be any exchange of prisoners, as our Commissioner and the Yankee Commissioner could not agree on any cartel or terms of exchange. These fellows we called galvanized or whitewashed Yankees; they were still prisoners, however, and had to work. Here I first met the notorious Gen. B. F. Butler; he visited us and conversed pleasantly, telling us he hoped soon to be able to arrange some plan with Col. Ould, our Commissioner of Exchange, by which he could send us home. In about three weeks we received the joyful tidings that a number of us were going to be sent home, or to City Point for exchange. About this time I received a letter from New York, stating that my artificial leg was ready and would be sent in a few days by express; before it came they began to make out a list of us to be sent home—my name coming near the head of the alphabet, it fell to my lot to be one of those who were going to Dixie, and notwithstanding I wanted my artificial leg very much, I wanted to get home a great deal more, and left it behind. It was about the 15th of March, 1863, when 1,000 or 1,200 of us were marched on board a steamer and started for City Point; our guard consisted of a New England regiment of conscripts or drafted men; they (at least, the privates,) were anxious to get out of fighting, and promised to mutiny as soon as we reached City Point, and turn over themselves, steamer and everything to the Confederate authorities; but lo! when we reach Fortress Monroe, our guard is replaced by veteran soldiers. While waiting on board the steamer, I

wrote a note to Gen. B. F. Butler, asking him to come aboard, as I wanted to see him on particular business; he came and I informed him about my artificial limb and asked if he would allow it to be sent after me to Richmond. He said it was contraband of war and he could not knowingly allow it to pass the lines; conversed with me pleasantly on the subject and told me if I had some friend at the Point who would attend to it for me, to write to him and he would try to get some poor unfortunate reb who had lost a leg to wear it through for me to Richmond. I did as he directed and he carried the letter back himself. We were soon under way for City Point, which we reached in due time and were transferred to our own little steamers and soon were walking the streets of the Confederate capital once more, many of us minus a leg, an arm, or otherwise maimed, when but a few short months before we were able to march as erect and feel as gay as the gayest—such are the results of war. We did not tarry long here; each one got a pass and transportation home as soon as possible. I had been a prisoner nine months.

---

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

I tarried but a short time in Richmond; soon got transportation, &c., and started for home, which I reached without many incidents worthy of notice. My family and neighbors were glad to welcome me alive; but how changed my condition; having left active, strong, robust, sound in every part, to return a cripple; yes, and that, too, for life. I felt strange—did not know what to do. The Confederate government had no further use for me; I went to work and learned telegraphy. When I had learned well enough to take a message quickly on paper and send one, I was employed by the railroad and telegraph company to take charge of the office at Ridgeway. I received a letter from some officer in Richmond, stating that he had my artificial leg, and telling me to come on at once and get it; this was joyful news to me, and I was not long in starting. I had a fine army hat, with gilt band and acorn tassels, that I had brought home from prison; I prized it highly, as really, in those days, a decent hat was something almost impossible to get. I was wearing this beautiful hat at the time. When we



got to Blackstock, we met a large number of Confederate soldiers from Virginia, being sent as reinforcements to the Western army. I was anxious to see if there was any troops among them that I knew, and unsuspectingly put my head out of the window, as the trains were moving past each other, when some wicked reb reached down from the top of his car, snatched my lovely hat and was gone. Here I was in a nice fix, bare-headed and laughed at by my fellow-passengers. When we reached Chester, I telegraphed back to Ridgeway to the operator, to try and get my hat, but he could never find the man who had it. I had also telegraphed ahead to the operator at Rock Hill, asking him to get me a hat by the time we reached there. The hat he had to offer me was one made by an old darkey, out of broom-sedge straw, wrapped together with white homespun thread; it looked more like a basket than a hat, but I had to wear it to Richmond. Arriving there, the first thing was to hunt a decent hat, which I found was a difficult task; at last I got some sort of one at \$40. The next thing was to hunt up my artificial leg. Finding the officer who had it in charge, I soon strapped it on, and was trying to learn to use it right away, but, as I have stated before, Dr. Bailey had given me such an imperfect amputation, that I could never wear an artificial limb; I tried repeatedly, after getting home, to use it, but in vain: every time I used it, my stump would rise and give me so much trouble, that I finally abandoned it and gave it to another poor, one-legged reb, who was quite proud of it and wore it out. I tarried only a short time in the Confederate capital and hurried back to my post as telegraph operator. I liked this operating very much, and formed some pleasant acquaintances among the telegraph operators; among them, one Soule, in the Columbia office; I don't know what became of him. I had some rich telegrams to send, and received some of the same sort. One day a gentleman handed me a railroad telegram to read in a hurry; he annoyed me nearly every day with them. In this particular one, he wished to let Mr. Anderson, the then Superintendent of the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, know that something had to be soldered, but had it spelled, 'soddered.' I called the operator at the Co-

lumbia depot; he answered; I then drove in and spelled everything just as the sender had written it. The operator said nothing until I got to ‘soddered,’ when he ‘broke’ me and asked: “In the name of goodness, what does the man mean?” Finally, I made him understand, and we had a hearty laugh over the wires about it. Mr. A. B. Craig was railroad agent at Ridgeway then. Dr. William Carlisle would get the papers every day and read for the old men, who would assemble there to hear the latest news from the front.

---

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

To show how fast we are passing away, I recall the names of some of them, and I believe the last one whose name I call has passed away. Dr. Carlisle, long since dead; A. K. Craig, Hon. E. G. Palmer, Major George R. Hunter, John Coleman, John Goza, Strother Tidwell, Wm. McQuarters, Wm. Robinson, Edward W. Davis, John Hollis, Wm. Brazel, Coleman Boulware, John E. Peay, Robert Walker, Rev. C. M. Porter, Philip Schwartz and William Boyles. These were men sixty years old and upward; all, or nearly all, had sons in the army, and really they were the only white male inhabitants in a country embracing eight or ten miles. Every few days a train of Yankee prisoners would be brought past, going to Florence or some other prison. One day, a train of them came along and halted for a considerable time at Ridgeway; these fellows had been captured by Mosby’s men, in Northern Virginia, and had been pretty well stripped of clothing, shoes, hats, &c. One big, strapping fellow was sitting down in a box car door bemoaning the loss of his clothes, &c., while some others took a more cheerful view of things, and were laughing at their grumbling comrade. Dr. Carlisle remarked, in his Irish drawl, “Augh, he don’t want any shoes; he was born bare-footed.” This stung the fellow so much, that without thinking, he replied, “No, I’ll be — if I was;” which raised a great laugh; the thing was so ridiculous that he had to laugh, too. Sherman was now pushing back our troops, burning and devastating the country. In a short while, almost all the rolling stock of the South Carolina

Railway was being run on the Charlotte road. People were refugeeing further and further back. The railroad was lined with passing trains. After awhile we received the news that Sherman is moving on Columbia. Everything is in confusion. I am relieved by an army operator—or, at least, he is with me. Train load after train load of women, children and old men are hurrying Northward. Our broken down, jaded, hungry, scattered, whipped soldiers are straggling past. Everything is confusion. I had already sent my family off, and the night before Sherman reaches Columbia, I hide out myself and get away, not wishing to be again a prisoner of war. I flee into Kershaw, and live for several days in the woods with a little brother-in-law, our food being sent to us at night. After awhile, we learn they have passed and pretty well cleaned up everything in their route. In a few days, I returned to Ridgeway. Before getting there, I halted in front of the house of a friend and acquaintance, the house being very near the road. I sat in my buggy and conversed with the ladies, the father and husband being with his regiment, in Virginia. While conversing with them, I glanced down the road and spied three blue-coated Yankee soldiers, apparently unarmed, coming straight up the road. I waited a few minutes, they came up, nodded to me, saluted the ladies, opened the gate and went in to the house. I did not understand this; I bid the lady with whom I was talking good-bye, and started home. Everybody was demoralized, Sherman's troops had acted so badly. Riding along, I could but wonder who those three Yankees were, what they were after, etc. What I am now about to relate is so sickening, so revolting, that I shall call no names. The actors in the drama are all dead or moved out of the country. I soon passed the house of a Confederate, who was at home on a furlough; I related to him about the blue coats; he insisted on my waiting until he sent for another reb, who was in hiding not far off. When he came, we went back to the house where they had stopped. He went in, brought them out, and carried them with us on back to his house. They proved to be three deserters from Sherman's army, who had a request from Gen. Hampton, or his Adjutant, in their pockets, asking citizens and

soldiers to assist them through our lines, to be kind to them, and thus encourage desertion from the Federal army. When we reached this man's house, another reb was sent for, and it was decided that two of these rebs and a negro would guard these deserters to Winnsboro, and turn them over to the enrolling officer. Our road lay together for some distance, and when we came to where our roads parted, I called to one of our guards, who was my friend and neighbor, and asked in an undertone to do these men no harm. He hooted at the idea of such a thing, and told me to have no fears, but I did have fears for their safety. I had seen him make them give up their rings, &c. The next day I had occasion to go to Winnsboro, and here learned that the deserters had never reached there, but had been murdered, shot down, stripped and left for dead, not more than a mile from where I parted from them. One of the poor fellows was not dead, but found his way back to the house, where I had seen them stop, late in the night, covered with gore, and nearly naked; there he was nursed and cared for, until he was able to be sent to the Confederate hospital in Camden. Whether he got well and got home, I can't say; hope he did. The bones of his two companions lay bleaching where they fell a few years ago, having never been buried.

So much for war. These are facts and can be proven.

---

## CHAPTER XXIX.

I do not feel that my narrative would be complete without giving in full a roll of those who were with me in my company; I, therefore, make the following roll of Co. C, also Co. F, 12th S. C. V., giving the names of all those killed in battle, who died from wounds and sickness during the war, who died since the war and of those now living. Some who were discharged were conscripted or joined other commands, I lost knowledge of:

Co. C.—Capt. Henry C. Davis, promoted Lieut. Col. Feb. 4, 1863; wounded at Sharpsburg, resigned; died since the war. 1st Lieut. John W. Delaney, killed at Gaines' Mill June 27, 1862. 2d Lieut. John A. Hinnant, wounded at Gaines' Mill, lost leg at Gettysburg; living. 3d Lieut. Samuel Y. Rosborough, wounded

at Sharpsburg, promoted to 1st Lieut.; died since the war. 1st Sergt. S. W. Broom, appointed Regimental Ordnance Sergeant; living. 2d Sergt. John R. Thomas, promoted Capt.; living. 3d Sergt. J. W. Robinson; living. 4th Sergt. J. R. Boyles; wounded at White Oak Swamp June 30, 1862; elected Lieut. Feb., 1863; wounded and disabled at Gettysburg July 1, 1863; living. 5th Sergt. John L. Goza, wounded at 2d Manassas, discharged; living. 1st Corpl. J. A. Rosborough, wounded in the Seven Days' fight June 27, 1862; promoted 1st Sergt.; living. 2d Corpl. John W. Broom, promoted Sergt., killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863. 3d Corpl. Josiah Neely, promoted Sergt.; living. 4th Corpl. J. H. True, promoted Sergt.; living. 5th Corpl. Samuel Rose, died in hospital 1862; 6th Corpl. W. H. Smith, killed.

*Privates*—Thos. Arledge, disabled from wounds; living. John Ayers, died during the war. Wm. Bishop, discharged in 1863, over age; died since war. M. L. Braswell, discharged; living. A. Clarke Braswell, killed at Gaines' Mill June 27, 1862. Wm. Blake, discharged 1864; living. R. V. Brazel, wounded; living. Wm. J. Brazel; living. Thos. F. Brown, died since war. John B. Brown, appointed Co. Commissary; living. J. Lee Brown, died since war. W. C. Buchanan, promoted Adjt.; killed at Ox Hill 1862. A. J. Carter, died in Richmond 1863. D. L. Carter, wounded at Gettysburg; living. Geo. Cook, wounded at Sharpsburg; living. Jessie Cook, killed at Spottsylvania '64. Wm. Cook, wounded at Wilderness; dead. C. S. Coleman, discharged over age 1863; died since war. J. H. Cooper, living. Samuel F. Cooper, living. S. Y. Crossland, living. John D. Crossland, living. Powell Davis, living. Riley Davis, died in Richmond 1863. Sylvester Davis, died in Richmond 1863. Wm. Downing, died in Richmond 1863. M. Dinkel, died Richmond 1863. Wm. Duren, died Beaufort 1861. D. S. Douglass, killed Spottsylvania. A. S. Dunlap, died Fort Delaware 1863. Sidney P. Dunlap, living. Joseph J. Dunlap, killed Fredericksburg Dec. 13, 1863. James Dunlap, died Richmond 1863. Alfred Dunn, living. David Dunn, died from wounds Spottsylvania. F. M. Durham, missing Spottsylvania. R. H. Easler, living. Wm. Ellis, died Richmond 1864. W. W. Entzminger, hospital steward; living. John Entzminger, discharged 1861; living.



James W. Farmer, died since war. John Fleming, died since war. John M. Fogg, living. Enoch Freeman, died Pocotaligo 1862. John Freeman, died Guinea Station 1863. Wm. Freeman, died Guinea Station 1863. Robert Freeman, died Richmond 1864. James Freeman, living. Robert Goza, died Richmond 1863. G. W. Hathcock, living. Jas. W. Hathcock, living. Arthur Hays, wounded Gaines' Mill; living. John Hays, died Guinea Station 1863. Ben. Hays, died Guinea Station 1863. W. H. Hatcher, teamster; living. Geo. W. Hendrix, killed Petersburg, 1864. John A. Hendrix, living. Jesse Hendrix, wounded, died Gettysburg.

Henry M. Hinnant, living. John L. Hollis, living. James Huffstiller, living. Ben. Hood, died Richmond 1862. John Howell, wounded Petersburg; living. Thos. Howell, living. James Joyner, living. John A. Kennedy, died since war. John Lucas, died Elmira 1864. Wm. T. Mickle, died wounds Gaines' Mill. Roland Moss, died wounds Gettysburg. Richard Neely, died Richmond 1863. Thos. Paul, died Hamilton Crossing '63. J. W. Paul, living. S. R. Perry, living. Edmund Price, wounded Gettysburg; living. Wm. J. Price, died hospital '63. Robert F. Pogue, wounded Gaines' Mill; died since war. Anthony Raines, killed carrying colors Gettysburg. Wm. Raines, died Ridgeway. Henry Raines, living. Thos. Reynolds, living. Jas. H. Reynolds, living. Osmund Reynolds, living. Joseph Reynolds, living. Roland Reynolds, discharged over age; died since war. Hastings Reynolds, drowned St. Helena Sound '61. Reuben J. Richardson, killed Sharpsburg. John Richardson, killed Gettysburg. John S. Richardson, died wounds Gaines' Mill. Wm. Richardson, killed near James River 1864. Thos. L. Richardson, living. Wm. D. Richardson, living. N. C. Robertson, Sergt. Major; living. John A. Robertson, wounded Gettysburg; living. J. L. Robinson, living. A. W. Robinson, died Richmond. E. Frank Rosborough, wounded White Oak Swamp; living. Jas. L. Rosborough, Com. Sergt.; died since war. Jos. Rose, killed Gettysburg. Wm. A. Rose, detailed on light duty; living. Wm. Rush, discharged 1862; died since war. J. B. Schwartz, killed Gettysburg. J. A. Schwartz, living. Robert A. Smart, discharged over age 1862; living. Geo.

D. Smith, discharged; died during war. Geo. H. Smith, living. James M. Smith, living. W. R. T. Smith, died since war. J. W. Smith, discharged 1863; died. Geo. W. Simpson, wounded Gaines' Mill; died since war. G. W. Sweatman, wounded Sharpsburg; died since war. Wm. E. Taylor, living. J. M. Vaughn, wounded 2d Manassas; living. J. W. Williamson, wounded Gettysburg; living. W. P. Wyrick, wounded Gettysburg; died prison. Frank N. Wyrick, killed Spottsylvania. Frank N. Wilson, living. W. L. Wootlan, discharged 1862; living. J. A. Yongue, living.

We had from first to last 118 privates and 15 commissioned and non-commissioned officers; of these, 16 were killed on the field of battle, 7 died from wounds, 27 died in hospital from sickness, 1 drowned, 33 died since the war and 47 were living Feb. 15, 1890.

Co. F.—Capt. R. Y. McMeekin, resigned Jan., 1863; living. 1st Lieut. Eber A. Rabb, appointed Reg. Com.; died home. 2d Lieut. John C. Bell, living. Lieut. Joel A. Beard, wounded Wilderness. Lieut. H. H. Chappell, died home '62. Lieut. N. M. Cook, elected from Sergt. '62. Lieut. David L. Glenn, wounded 2d Manassas. Ord. Sergt. L. H. Chappell, promoted from ranks; killed Gaines' Mill. Color Sergt. Jas. Cook, killed 2d Manassas. Sergt. Thos. McMeekin, wounded Fraser's Farm, killed Spottsylvania. Sergt. W. B. Gibson, wounded Cold Harbor; discharged. Sergt. L. T. James, wounded Gettysburg. Sergt. John H. Sloan, killed 2d Manassas. Sergt. S. C. Burkett, wounded Fraser's Farm, Gettysburg; died since war. Sergt. J. Yongue Brice, wounded Gaines' Mill; living. Corp. John W. Watt, died Jan., '62. Corp. Edward W. Willingham, killed Sharpsburg. Corp. Wm. McMeekin, died Point Lookout June 15, '65. Corp. C. D. Burley, wounded Chickahominy. Corp. Jas. Golston, promoted from ranks; living.

*Privates*—M. C. Armstrong, discharged Jan., '63. F. B. Austin, wounded Manassas. Thos. Anderson, transferred Western army. E. F. Banks, died wounds 2d Manassas. Wm. Bell, dead. Warren Boyd, discharged; living. O. H. Bookman, killed Ream's Station. T. C. Brown, wounded Sharpsburg; died. Daniel Brown, died Feb., '62. W. Watt Brice, wounded

Wilderness; living. Scott Brice, died Richmond. J. H. Brice, living. Jos. R. Cook, wounded Wilderness. L. C. Chappell, Joel Chappell, wounded Gaines' Mill; died wounds Gettysburg. Hix Chappell, killed Five Forks. Oscar Chappell. R. H. Curry, wounded Sharpsburg. Wm. Clark, wounded 2d Manassas; died since war. Zack Day, wounded Gaines' Mill; died Richmond. David Douglass, wounded Gaines' Mill; died Richmond. Thos. Douglass, living. Nathan Dunbar, living. Robert Elder, wounded 2d Manassas. Wm. Fetner, died prison '64. Robert B. Ferrell, died '68. Wm. R. Garrison, transferred 6th Regiment: living. Jackson Germany, wounded Gettysburg; living. Jas. L. Gladden, living. Wm. P. Gibson, living. Wm. Gibson, wounded Sharpsburg; living. Thos. F. Harrison, wounded Gettysburg; living. Daniel B. Harrison, wounded Gaines' Mill; died since war. John Harrison. Milton C. Harrison, wounded Fraser's Farm: living. Jas. R. Harvey, wounded Gettysburg, discharged; living. M. C. Hawthorn, wounded Gettysburg, Spottsylvania; killed Petersburg. Geo. S. Himmant, wounded Spottsylvania, Sharpsburg; living. Jas. B. Himmant, wounded Gaines' Mill, 2d Manassas; living. Burrell Hudson, died Richmond. W. J. Hamilton, wounded Wilderness; died since war. David A. James, wounded Gaines' Mill, Sharpsburg; died S. C., '64. John Keith, living. R. S. Ketchin, died since war. B. F. Lyles, living. Jas. W. Lyles, killed Petersburg. John Matthews, killed Spottsylvania. C. K. Montgomery, killed Spottsylvania. Jonathan O. Matthews, died '77. J. B. Miller, killed Manassas. S. L. Montgomery, died home '63. R. P. Mayo, living. W. W. Mundle, killed Gettysburg. Jos. Martin, died Gordonsville. Robert Martin, living. Wm. Martin, wounded Gaines' Mill. John A. McCoy, died. S. L. McDowell, died. Wm. A. McDowell, wounded Petersburg; living. James F. McDowell. James McMeekin, wounded Sharpsburg; living. Jos. McMeekin, wounded Wilderness; living. Andrew McMeekin, killed 2d Manassas. Robert McMeekin, died Laurel Hill. Joel McMeekin, living. Archy Park, living. Jas. W. Paul, dead. John Parnell, transferred 3d Bat.; dead. Geo. Peak, killed Cold Harbor. Sam'l Proctor, wounded Gettysburg; living. J. H. Rabb, living. C.

H. Rabb, living. Thos. Robinson. Frank Robinson. S. W. Ruff, wounded Sharpsburg; living. Wesley Ruff, died home. Wm. Rowe, living. M. Russell, died wounds Gettysburg. John Russell. Gaillard Richardson, died home. J. R. Sloan, wounded 2d Manassas; living. C. W. Sloan, wounded Sharpsburg. Harvey Stanton, died Richmond. Wm. J. Stanton, discharged, living. Hugh Strong, discharged, living. E. A. Starnes, living. C. H. Scruggs, living. C. Strong, discharged; died since war. Bayfield Trapp, died Richmond '64. A. M. Timms, living. James Timms, living. John Willingham, wounded Gaines' Mill; living. Jos. Willingham, discharged '62; dead. Jas. Wilson, died Richmond '64. Jesse Wyriek, killed Gaines Mill. John P. Wilkes, died '61. Thos. Watt, discharged; living. 2d Manassas, died since war. W. B. Yarborough, wounded.

1 Capt., 6 Lieutenants, 8 Sergeants, 5 Corporals, 99 privates.

---

### MY LOVE AND I.

The following lines were written by "Asa Hartz"—E. George McKnight—at Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, the Yankee prison for Confederate officers, in February, 1864:

My love reposes on a rosewood frame,  
 A bunk have I.  
 A couch of feathery down fills up the same,  
 Mine's straw, but dry.  
 She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh;  
 With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state,  
 And so do I.  
 The richest viands flank her silver plate;  
 Coarse grub have I.  
 Pure wine she sips at ease her thirst to slake;  
 I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake.

My love has all the world at will to roam;  
 Three acres I.  
 She goes abroad or better sits at home;  
 So cannot I.  
 Bright angels watch around her couch at night;  
 A Yankee with loaded gun keeps me in sight.

A thousand miles now stretch between  
 My love and I.  
 To her this wintry night, cold, calm, serene,  
 I waft a sigh,  
 And hope with all my earnestness of soul,

To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole.  
 There is hope ahead, we'll one day meet;  
     My love and I.  
 We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then;  
     Her love-lit eye  
 Will all my trouble then beguile,  
 And keep this wayward reb from Johnson's Isle.

## AND NO ONE WRITES TO ME.

The list is called and one by one  
 The anxious crowd now melts away,  
 I linger still and wonder why  
 No letter comes for me to-day.  
 Are all my friends in Dixie dead?  
 Or would they all forgotten be?  
 What have I done? What have I said?  
 That no one ever writes to me?  
     It's mighty queer.

I watch the mails each weary day,  
 With anxious eyes the list o'errun,  
 And envy him whose name is called,  
 But love him more who gets not one;  
 For I can sympathise with him,  
 And feel how keen his grief must be,  
 Since I an exile from my home  
 And no one ever writes to me,  
     I do declare.

Within a quiet, happy home.  
 Far, far in Dixie's sunny clime,  
 There dwells a quiet, happy maid,  
 Who wrote to me in by-gone days.  
 Now others from their dear ones hear,  
 In tender letters looming free;  
 Yet here I've been this half a year,  
 And why does she not write to me?  
     We are not estranged.

Will no one write me just a line,  
 To say that I'm remembered yet?  
 You cannot guess how much delight  
 I would feel could I a letter get;  
 Could I but hear from some kind friend,  
 Whose face I ne'er may see again,  
 Will some one now my anguish end?  
 If some one does not write to me  
     I will get estranged.









